



the counties to act. This question
led in the Crittenden campaign
governor, when the State Commit-
tee. The counties acted with
to it, and the question has
raised since. However, the
raised by Chairman Maffei
one of the excuses which w

GREAT CLEARING SALE

RECORD-BREAKER

We are making the Lowest Prices we ever made. We are selling more goods than we ever sold. We have more customers than we ever had, and we are giving more Bargains than we ever gave, but still we are not satisfied. Here goes for a bigger week than last, and these Prices will do it.

Ladies' Waists.

What a hubbub and bustle there has been in the Waist Department the past week, and no wonder; prices like these would make a bustle in Egyptian pyramids.

Ladies' Printed Percale Shirt Waists, buttoned collar and cuffs, pretty pattern, the cloth in them is worth \$2.00 without the making; reduced from \$3.00 and \$3.50 to \$1.98.

Ladies' fine figured Lawn Waists, with two large ruffles over shoulder, with white and blue stripes, all sizes, sold up to date at \$1.00.

Ladies' Dotted Linen Lawn Waists, two ruffles over shoulder, trimmed with Valenciennes lace on collar, cuffs and ruffles, worth \$1.75.

Ladies' Fancy Silk Waists, all new styles, and reduced from \$4.00 to \$1.89.

Children's Dresses.

Children's good Gingham Dresses, trimmed with herringbone braid, back and front alike, blue or white, sizes 4 to 14 years, reduced from \$1.25 to 98¢.

Girls' stylish Percale Dresses, trimmed with fancy embroidery, all new patterns, reduced from \$1.25 to 98¢.

Girls' handsome pointed Dimity Lawn Dresses, trimmed with Valenciennes lace on collar, cuffs and ruffles, reduced from \$2.45 to \$1.25.

Umbrellas.

One dollar, please, and you'll pay it pleasantly enough when you see these Umbrellas.

We have had bargains before, BUT THIS ONE BEATS THEM ALL.

100 Ladies' best English Glean Umbrellas, steel rod instead of wood, handsome decorated Dresden china handles, worth \$2.00 of any one's money.

Reduced from \$2.00 to \$1.00.

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Boys' Clothes.

When you get our kind of Boys' Clothes at such reductions as these, you need know but little about it to see that they are bargains.

Boys' Wash Suits.

Take your choice now of the entire stock of Wash Suits, imported goods, 3 to 8 year sizes, suits marked \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00, some of the finest suits we can buy in the lot, all at

Reduced from \$3.00 to \$1.98.

Double-Breasted Wool Suits.

Entire stock put into three lots, no matter what they cost, 7 to 15 years, all go as follows:

LOT 1—Reduced to \$2.25.

LOT 2—Reduced to \$3.50.

LOT 3—Reduced to \$4.95.

Junior and Reeler Suits.

Don't delay in these, 3 to 5 years, if you want them.

All-wool Broad Trimmed Suits, worth from \$4 to \$6, all one price to close out.

Reduced from \$4.00 to \$1.75.

Kid Gloves.

Terrific Reductions for This Week.

Ladies' 4-Button Kid Gloves, in white and pearl, both plain and with black embroidery, large pearl buttons, reduced from \$1.00 to 25¢.

Ladies' Super Taffeta Silk Gloves, good colors and sizes, reduced from \$1.00 pair to 17¢.

Ladies' Black Silk Mitts, reduced from \$1.00 pair to 18¢.

Challies, Challies.

Half price and even less takes your choice of the stock now. That's what makes them sell so lively.

Half-wool American Printed Challies, not the cheap grade, but 22 inches wide, goods that were sold at \$1.00.

Silk Striped Challies, half wool, in choice printed patterns, large line of patterns and colors, were \$1.00, now you get them at 15¢.

Best quality all-wool French printed Challies, best patterns and colors, for \$1.00, now you get them at 28¢.

Best quality all-wool French printed Challies, the finest quality imported, reduced from \$1.00 to 37¢.

MRS. FARRELL'S TRIAL.

Charged With Poisoning Her Husband Through Love for Another.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

LA PLATA, Md., July 12.—In a day or two the case of Mrs. Belle Farrell, charged with poisoning her husband through love for Eugene Hall, will be given to the jury. Her counsel made a six-hour address to-day and the State Attorney spoke nearly three hours. The former had not finished when court adjourned. The room was packed with listeners to the argument in a trial that is attracting the attention of the whole State. Mrs. Farrell seemed immovable. Her look of anxiety is gone and she evidently expects to be acquitted. Although the State has made out a strong case, that opinion is generally entertained.

Business Men's League Committee.

In compliance with a request from the Board of Directors of the merchants' Exchange, Mr. J. C. Williams, Chairman of the Business Men's League Legislative Committee, has called a joint meeting of the League Committee of the Business Men's League and the Merchants' Exchange to be held at 3:30 o'clock to consider the new Texas anti-trust law which goes into effect at the end of the present month.

Chairman Clark H. Sisson of the League's Convention Committee has arranged for a meeting of this committee later in the week. Correspondence has resulted in the two National Committees being very satisfactory and the prospects of a successful convention are very bright.

White Dress Fabrics.

Can you think of anything cooler looking or prettier for that matter? They are here—a huge snowdrift of them, and at very much melted prices, too.

For a lot of pretty Checked Waincocks and Striped Lawns that were 75¢ cents a yard.

Choice Dotted Swisses, in delicate Lilac grounds, with white woven dots; reduced from \$1.00 to 64¢.

For Fine Lace-striped Mulls, Bath-strips, India Linen and Fine Checked Dimities, that were 12½¢ and 15¢ a yard.

Dress Lengths of Imported Dotted and Striped Swisses, slightly soiled, reduced from \$1.00 to 10¢.

For 42-inch Jones' English Cambrils, worth \$1.00; for 42-inch Imported Bath-strips, worth \$1.00; for 42-inch St. Gall Woven Figured White Swisses, worth \$1.00.

English Fines, with fancy woven stripes, for Duck Suits and Skirts, reduced from \$1.00 to 15¢.

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Ready-Made Sheets and Pillow Cases.

Such prices as these will not be heard of after this sale for a long time to come, for goods are going up.

Bleached Pillow Cases.

Reduced to 7¢.

Reduced to 8¢.

Reduced to 9¢.

Reduced to 10¢.

Reduced to 11¢.

Reduced to 12¢.

Reduced to 13¢.

Reduced to 14¢.

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Reduced to 48¢.

Reduced to 49¢.

Reduced to 50¢.

Reduced to 51¢.

Reduced to 52¢.

Reduced to 53¢.

Reduced to 54¢.

Reduced to 55¢.

Millinery.

Everything in Millinery is marked down at almost give-away prices. If you need anything it will cost very little.

Ladies' Bicycle Caps, reduced from \$1.10 to 39¢.

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From 8 to 10
Monday
Morning—
Good quality Un-
bleached Muslin,
will send of 5 to
10 yards
each,
per yard **29c**

GRAND-LEADER
815-821 N. BROADWAY
- STIX, BAER & FULLER -

Unbleached
Sheeting.
Very Best
24 yds wide
(regularly
22½c
a yd) **13½c**

THE FASTEST-GROWING STORE IN AMERICA.

Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children.

Admission 25c; children free. All kinds of amusements.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1037.

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THE GREAT SIEGEL SYNDICATE

SIEGEL, COOPER & CO., CHICAGO. + SIEGEL, HILLMAN & CO., ST. LOUIS. + SIEGEL, COOPER & CO., NEW YORK.

CAPTURED THE
Entire Stock

OF
DERNBURG, GLICK & HORNER



STATE AND ADAMS STS.

LATE OF CHICAGO,

FUR

\$255,500

In Hard, Cold Cash.

SIEGEL HILLMAN
S & C. BROADWAY
& WASHINGTON AVE.

SIEGEL HILLMAN
S & C. BROADWAY
& WASHINGTON AVE.

Wash Goods.

5000 pieces Dimitia, in stripes and figures, in black and white; Leader's price, 15c;

Our price, 5c

Challies, Indigo Blue Prints and Irish Lawns; Leader's price, 30c;

Our price, 1 1/2c

India Linens; Leader's price, 15c;

Our price, 5c

One case of Remnants of Kid Cambrics at (yard) 1c

One yard wide Sea Island Sheetings; Leader's price, 5c;

Our price, 3c

4-4 Unbleached Sheetings; Leader's price, 10c;

Our price, 10c

4-4 Bleached Sheetings; Leader's price, 20c;

Our price, 12c

100 pieces of 24-inch Penang and Perale; Leader's price, 15c;

Our price, 7c

24 pieces Fine French P. K.'s, 28 inches wide; Leader's price, 50c;

Our price, 24c

200 pieces fine Imp. Jaconettes, Organdies, Dimities, in black and white; fancy figure, in dark and light grounds; Leader's price, 30c;

Our price, 12c

One case of Fancy P. K. and Ducks, in blue and white stripes; Leader's price, 20c;

Our price, 9c

One case of Lawns, in black, cream and fancy colors; Leader's price, 15c;

Our price, 5c

One case of Challies, in dark and light ground; Leader's price, 10c;

Our price, 4 1/2c

Linens.

200 Crochet Bed Spreads; Leader's price, 75c;

Our price, 39c

See our better ones at 15c, 20c and up to \$2—every one of them at 50 cents on the dollar.

50 pieces of Turkey Red Table Damask, beautiful patterns; Leader's price, 30c;

Our price, 12c

No quality at 19c

One lot of the Leader's 50 Towels at 2 1/2c

One lot of the Leader's 50 Towels; Our price, 3c

The Leader's 50 Turkish Bath Towels, size 48x28 inch; Our price, 23c

14-inch Barnsley's Linen Crash Toweling; Leader's price, 15c;

Our price, 6c

3 cases Fine Pillow Shams, size 42x28 inches; Leader's price, 15c;

Our price, 5c

Hamstitched Linen Table Cloths and Napkins to match; Leader's price, 15c;

Our price, \$4 98

Hamstitched Table Cloths and Napkins to match; Leader's price, 25c;

Our price, \$7 50

Hamstitched Table Cloths and Napkins to match; Leader's price, 25c;

Our price, \$12 50

Men's Furnishings.

One lot of Men's Laundered Negligee Shirts; Leader's price, \$1.25;

Our price, 50c

One lot of Men's Fine Laundered Dress and Negligee Shirts; Leader's price, \$1.50;

Our price, 75c

Men's Underwear.

Men's Fine Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers; Leader's price, 50c;

Our price, 29c

Men's Little Shirts and Drawers; Leader's price, \$1.50;

Our price, 75c

A lot of Men's Fine Imported Underwear at a tremendous discount.

A lot of Men's Fine Silk Shirts and Drawers; Leader's price, \$4.75;

Our price, \$2 19

Ties.

500 pieces of Men's Fancy Neck Scarfs, Four-in-Hands and Bows; Leader's price, 50c;

Our price, 15c

Better ones, worth \$1. at 35c

Muslin Underwear.

200 dozen best Muslin Night Gowns; Leader's price, 50c;

Our price, 39c

100 dozen Cambric Night Gowns, trimmed in fine embroidery and lace, in broken sizes; Leader's price, \$1.10;

Our price, 59c

100 dozen Muslin Drawers, well made; Leader's price, 50c;

Our price, 15c

100 dozen good Muslin Skirts, trimmed in Cambric and lace; Leader's price, 35c;

Our price, 35c

Chemises, made of good muslin, trimmed in lace; Leader's price, 60c;

Our price, 15c

A lot of fine Cambric Corset Covers, trimmed in fine embroidery and lace, in broken sizes; Leader's price, 75c and \$1.50;

Our price, 25c

A lot of Children's fine Mull Imported Caps; Leader's price, 75c to \$1.50;

Our price, 35c

Corsets.

200 dozen extra long waist Corsets, in different styles and makes; Leader's price, 75c and \$1.10;

Our price, 39c

SENSATIONAL SALE

Begins To-Morrow at 9 O'Clock.

Something Different!—Something Greater!—Something Better!
Something Infinitely Superior to Any Other Sale on Earth!

The whole mercantile world held up its hands in dismay last week when the telegraph flashed the news of the gigantic crash of

DERNBURG, GLICK & HORNER, "THE LEADER."

One of Chicago's largest stores. Merchants all over the country swarmed to the scene and begged for a few dollars' worth of the stock for advertising purposes. Even a few of our St. Louis Lotus Eaters opened their eyes and drowsily asked for a few hundred dollars' worth. But they all got gloriously left. The great Siegel Syndicate bought the entire stock, fixtures, wagons, teams—everything for their three great stores in Chicago, St. Louis and New York. The New York store not being ready, and the Chicago store being filled by its own stock, the great Siegel Syndicate decided that St. Louis must sell New York's share as well as their own.

"Can you do it?" they telegraphed us Thursday.

"We will handle the whole stock," we answered.

Our special train left Chicago yesterday morning loaded to the limit with high-class Dry Goods, Millinery, Suits, Wrappers, Waists, Hosiery, Underwear, Laces, Linens, Notions, Small Wares, etc., and eleven of the Leader's new delivery wagons, which we will press into service to-morrow to aid our own force in delivering all purchases promptly.

For two days an army of artists and artisans have been transforming our Mammoth Basement and reserve stock space into light and commodious salesrooms, and every inch of room we have gained by our last week's trade cyclone will be filled to repletion with the finest goods ever offered.

Doors will not be open to-morrow until 9 o'clock to give a little more time to arrange the goods and slash the Leader prices. Such a sale was never before conducted in the world.

Remember, nobody outside of the Great Siegel Syndicate got a cent's worth of this great stock. The poor old time honored "Clearing" sales must take a back seat. The great War Syndicate is carrying all before it. Don't judge the goods by the prices. Judge the value by multiplying by 3 and 4.

200 Salespeople Wanted.

Also 24 Expert Bundle Wrappers.

None but those of experience need apply. We will have no time to-morrow to teach anyone the business. Apply Monday morning at 7 o'clock. Ask for

T. H. McCLELLAND, Supt.

NOTICE . . . Owing to the fact that goods are constantly coming in as we write, these prices are necessarily incomplete, but they will serve to give you a taste of the feast to follow.

Millinery.

The Leader Millinery Department was considered the finest in Chicago. Their beautiful \$15

Trimmed Hats are on sale here at \$4 49

Their \$12 Hats at \$3 99

Their \$9 Hats at \$2 49

And so on.

All their beautiful Pattern Bonnets, latest small effects; their price \$3 to \$20.

Sailor Hats—100 White Sailor Hats; Leader's price 75c. Our price 29c

Better ones in the same proportion.

500 dozen of Elegant Fancy Straw Hats, imported; Leader sold these hats as high as \$2 apiece.

You can have your choice at (each) 5c

No old shapes of last summer's hats in this assortment.

Cloak and Suit Dept.

This department in the Leader was considered one of the attractions of Chicago; some of the choicest things on sale now at our establishment;

one lot of Capes, worth \$3; our price 79c

One lot of Perforated Capes, lined through-out; Leader's price \$5. Our price \$1 95

One lot of Silk Velvet Capes, silk lined, braided and ribbon trimmed; Leader's price \$10. Our price \$3 75

A lot of beautiful Capes, in Silk, Velvet and Cloth; Leader sold them as high as \$15.

Our price \$4 98

One lot of Fancy Dress Waists, made of Fine French Gingham and Imported Satin;

Leader's price \$3.75. Our price 75c

One lot of Fancy Silk Waists, in stripes and checks, large full sleeve; Leader's price \$5.

Our price 98c

One lot of Blue and Black Fancy Silk Waists, full front and sleeve; Leader's price \$5.75.

Our price \$1 99

A limited quantity of elegant Duck Suits; Leader's price \$2.99.

Our price 89c

One lot of very beautiful P. K. and Duck Suits; Leader's price \$4.50.

Our price \$1 43

A lot of Fancy Duck Suits.

All Prices Reduced in the Same Proportion.

A lot of French Gingham Wrappers; Leader's price 98c.

Our price 39c

One lot of Satin and French Percale Wrappers; Leader's price \$1.19.

Our price 59c

Extra wide Skirts, navy and black, large full back, Serge and Repellent Cloth; Leader's price \$2.75.

Our price \$1 39

WE WILL
Sell the Stock

OF
DERNBURG, GLICK & HORNER



STATE AND ADAMS STS.

LATE OF CHICAGO.

Sale Begins at

9 O'Clock Monday

(To-Morrow) Morning.

SIEGEL HILLMAN
S & C. BROADWAY
& WASHINGTON AVE.

SIEGEL HILLMAN
S & C. BROADWAY
& WASHINGTON AVE.

Shirt Waists.

Ladies' Waists, French prints, with laundret collars and cuffs; full bosom; Leader's price, 10c; our price 25c

Ladies' Percale Waists, with laundret collars and cuffs, full sleeves; Leader's price, 30c; our price 39c

Ladies' Percale Waists, in fancy designs, full bosom; Leader's price, \$1.35;

our price 50c

100 doz Waists, made of the latest and newest material, worth up as high as

50 apiece; our price 98c

Laces.

200 pieces Cotton Vandyke Point Lace, 1 and 3 inches wide; Leader's price, 7c;

our price 1c

500 pieces Lace, 4 and 6 inches wide, in white and ecru; Leader's price, 15c;

our price 4c

500 pieces of fine Medici Lace, 3 inches wide; Leader's price, 15c;

our price 4c

\$5000 worth of laces of all description on sale at less than one-third of the price asked elsewhere.

A lot of Hamburg Edgings; Leader's price, 30c; our price 3c

One lot of Hamburg Flouncings, 18 inches wide; Leader's price, 30c;

our price 8c

Hosiery.

50 doz. of Ladies' Fast Black Cotton Hosiery; Leader's price, 15c;

our price 5c

100 doz Ladies' Harmsdorf Fast Black Hosiery; Leader's price, 30c;

our price 10c

100 doz Gent's Fine Fast Black Hosiery; Leader's price, 30c;

our price 10c

A lot of elegant Silk Hosiery for ladies, prices ranging from \$1 up to \$3 a pair, at Leader's price, 50c;

our price 4c

Ladies' Jersey Vests; Leader's price, 10c;

our price 4c

100 dozen of Ladies' Fine Jersey Vests; Leader's price, 30c;

our price 12c

50 doz of the best Jersey Ribbed Vests, made of fine Egyptian cotton; Leader's price, 15c;

our price 16c

Jewelry.

Heavy Gold-plated Shirt Waist Studs; Leader's price, 15c, at (each) 5c

Ladies' Complete Shirt Waist Studs of 4 pieces; Leader's price, 30c, at (set) 15c

Silver-mounted Side Combs; Leader's price, 60c pair, at (pair) 25c

Italian Shell Fancy Hair Ornaments; Leader's price, 50c, at (each) 11c

Silver Heart Pins; Leader's price, 15c, at (each) 3c

Roller-plated Lever Hair Buttons; Leader's price, 50c, at (pair) 15c

50 Silver-plated Belt Buckles at (each) 31c

50 Silver-plated Belt Buckles at (each) 27c

U.S. All-Silk Belts, with fancy buckle, 49c

100 Imported Shell Hair Ornaments, worth up as high as \$3, at 25c our price 3c

One lot of Ladies' Handkerchiefs at 2c 3c 5c

Better ones 2c 3c 5c

20 doz Gent's Fancy Imported Handkerchiefs; Leader's price, 15c;

our price 5c

Notions and Drug Sundries.

Stockinet Dress Shields; Leader's price, 20c; our price 10c

Oakley's Fine Toilet Soaps; Leader's price, 15c; our price 3c

Plain and Frill Edge Silk Elastics, all colors; Leader's price, 25c;

our price 5c

Patent German Hooks and Eyes, black and white; Leader's price, 10c card;

our price 2c

1000 packs Toilet Paper, with patent wire hooks; Leader's price, 10c;

our price 3c

Princesses Nickels Curling Irons; Leader's price, 15c; our price 3c

Tip top Lamps for heating curling irons; Leader's price, 20c;

our price 8c

Bicycle Oil, best made; Leader's price, 10c; our price 3c

Harper's Steel Mournin Pins; Leader's price, 15c; our price 5c

1000 4-point bars Fairbank's Santa Rex White Castile Soap; Leader's price, 50c; our price 16c

Crimped Enamel Hair Pins; Leader's price, 10c; our price 1c

Black Darning Eggs; Leader's price, 10c; our price 1c

French Darning Cotton; Leader's price, 50c; our price 2c

Leather Goods

CHARTER OAK COLORS FIRST.

Utopia and Linda Carry Them to Victory at the Fair Grounds.

FLORA THORNTON BEATEN.

Service Galloped All the Way in the Two-Mile Race and Won Under a Pull.

Linda and Service were the only favorites to score at the Fair Grounds Saturday. Disturbance was left at the post in the first race, and his jockey, Charlie Macklin, was given the meeting by Starter China, who says the boy pulled his mount to a standstill when the flag went down. Broadside and Mermel were equal favorites in the 2-year-old event, but neither won. Broadside, who seemed to be most in favor for the fourth race, fell and was so badly injured that he had to be shot. His jockey, young Arthur Barrett, fortunately escaped with a severe shaking up.

The decisive victory for Service in the two-mile race was just what the talent looked for. He was well backed at a very short price, J. A. Gray and Frank Farmer, the favorites, who seemed to be most in favor for the fourth race, fell and was so badly injured that he had to be shot. His jockey, young Arthur Barrett, fortunately escaped with a severe shaking up.

The Charter Oak Stable, which is owned by the Cohn of this city, captured two purses with Utopia and Linda. In the early part of the afternoon it looked as though it would rain, but the attendance was up to the usual Saturday standard. There was a great rush in the ring, and the bookmakers had their hands full accommodating their patrons.

Disturbance, who was left at the post in the first race, was backed heavily at 3 to 2 and 3 to 1. With Disturbance out of the way, J. A. Gray, the pick, went on and won all the way by two lengths from Mopsey, who was second.



ABE CARM.

one-half a length before Davanzo. Inside O's great speed carried her along in front all the way. Mopsey was second in the half-mile post, then the Broker went by her, but Mopsey came again in the stretch, while the Broker tired and dropped out of it.

Twelve 2-year-olds started in the second race, with Broadside and Mermel about equal favorites at 2 to 1. Of the others, Pascola, backed from 10 down to 1, was most in favor. The grandstand was packed and a merry pace, leading into the stretch by two lengths. Then Utopia came from second place and won, plain out, in a drive from Pascola, who beat Nicholas, the pacemaker, for first place.

O'Connell was scratched for the third race, leaving Flora Thornton and Linda to fight it out. Flora opened favorite, but the heavy pull on Linda went her to the post a slight first choice. Miss Galop made the running to the half, when Linda came to the front and led the rest of the way, winning handily by two lengths. Mollie R. was second about two lengths from Linda. Flora Thornton ran like a "lobster." She failed to get up speed at any stage of the route.

Thirteen 3-year-olds and upward started three times and not won at this meeting started in the fourth race. Rocquefort and Equator were the favorites, each with a half length, ridden out. Adjuster beat McDougal for his place. Equator fell with A. Barrett, who is believed to be seriously injured.

The price paid for Linda against Service in the fifth race was 12 to 20. He was ridden by Felix Carr, who laid back on him all the way and won him out of the race. Linda was about equal favorite for the sixth race, but when he was out of the race, Service would not have it that way, however, he was better than the other services. Service would not have it that way, however, he was better than the other services.

Fred Foster's Frank Farmer and J. A. Gray, who just returned from Kansas City, were about equal favorites for the last race, and when they finished the race, the race was a close one. The race was a close one. The race was a close one. The race was a close one.

To-Morrow's Entries.

First race, selling, fifteen-sixteenths of a mile. Buchanan, 101; Mopsey, 110; Bouze, 112; T. Set, 113; J. H. Gray, 114; T. Set, 115; J. H. Gray, 116; T. Set, 117; J. H. Gray, 118; T. Set, 119; J. H. Gray, 120; T. Set, 121; J. H. Gray, 122; T. Set, 123; J. H. Gray, 124; T. Set, 125; J. H. Gray, 126; T. Set, 127; J. H. Gray, 128; T. Set, 129; J. H. Gray, 130; T. Set, 131; J. H. Gray, 132; T. Set, 133; J. H. Gray, 134; T. Set, 135; J. H. Gray, 136; T. Set, 137; J. H. Gray, 138; T. Set, 139; J. H. Gray, 140; T. Set, 141; J. H. Gray, 142; T. Set, 143; J. H. Gray, 144; T. Set, 145; J. H. Gray, 146; T. Set, 147; J. H. Gray, 148; T. Set, 149; J. H. Gray, 150; T. Set, 151; J. H. Gray, 152; T. Set, 153; J. H. Gray, 154; T. Set, 155; J. H. Gray, 156; T. Set, 157; J. H. Gray, 158; T. Set, 159; J. H. Gray, 160; T. Set, 161; J. H. Gray, 162; T. Set, 163; J. H. Gray, 164; T. Set, 165; J. H. Gray, 166; T. Set, 167; J. H. Gray, 168; T. Set, 169; J. H. Gray, 170; T. Set, 171; J. H. Gray, 172; T. 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A HIGH TIME AT HONOLULU.

Dr. Joseph Cook Says Harsh Things of Cleveland.

CALLED DOWN BY WILLIS.

An Unexpected and Embarrassing Incident at the 4th of July Celebration.

VICTORIA, B. C., July 13.—The steamship Miowera arrived from Australia and Hawaii this afternoon. Hawaiian advice says the literary exercises at Honolulu on July 4 were the scene of a remarkable incident. Joseph Cook of Boston was invited to speak and entered upon a personal criticism of President Cleveland, charging him with misrepresenting Hawaii and Hawaiian affairs. He was interrupted by Minister Willis, who presided, and after a sharp cross fire of charges and retorts left the hall amid silence. His action is looked upon as disgraceful.

Independence Park pavilion was more than crowded for the literary exercises scheduled for 11 o'clock. With Mr. Willis, the American Minister, presiding. He was presented by George W. Smith, Chairman of the General Committee. This was at 11:30. There was a wait for President Dole. When he entered with Mrs. Dole the audience rose and cheered. The steamship Miowera was held back to allow Joseph Cook to address the meeting in opening the meeting. Mr. Willis gracefully gave utterance to patriotic sentiments, and was applauded. An invocation was offered by Rev. D. R. Birnie. All joined in singing the American anthem.

In complimentary terms Mr. Willis presented Mr. Cook, who had for his subject "The Republics of the Tropics." Mr. Cook said nothing of the Fourth of July. He congratulated all that there was no color line or slavery line here.

The speaker then went into an oration on Southern Republics as upheld by what he called Northern principles.

Coming quickly to Hawaii, Mr. Cook entered upon almost a direct criticism of the Cleveland administration, arraigning it for misrepresentation and saying that it would make come corrections. Here Mr. Willis protested on the grounds that the occasion was not one for partisan speech. He was greeted with storms of applause.

Mr. Cook, considerably confused, asked for a bill of particulars, declaring he was not accustomed to either a straight jacket or gag.

Mr. Willis replied that the contracted sentiment from a Boston environment was not broad enough for an American celebration in Hawaii. Mr. Cook said Boston had a good deal to do with achieving American independence. He made good-bye to Minister Willis and Dr. MacArthur and left the hall amidst silence clearly mad through and through.

The exchange of words created tremendous excitement among those present, and when the Miowera sailed it was the topic of conversation. After the exercises many citizens advanced to shake hands with the American Minister, and some of them, including Scott, Dr. McGraw and several other prominent men said that they were on the point of interrupting Mr. Cook when Mr. Willis intervened.

The Star says editorially, among other things, that the American Minister found the opportunity of a lifetime at the Fourth of July meeting.

The manner in which he conducted himself won golden opinion. Mr. Willis was on all sides commended for his patriotism, courage and calmness. Some at first thought there was rather too much feeling shown by the audience against Mr. Cook, but he invited the rebuke, both from the American Minister and from those assembled. Mr. Cook was regarded as very egotistical, and his speech to his highest pinnacle and did not speak of the Fourth of July at all, but launched into the Hawaiian question, the subject of Mr. Cleveland's administration.

The oration of the day was delivered by President Dole. It was an able speech, full of genuine Americanism. One sentiment was "This is the great day set apart for nobler purposes than twisting the British lion's tail or making the eagle scream. It is a day of thanksgiving; it is memorial day; its chief end is to keep warm in our hearts and to teach our children and our children's children to love our free institutions and of good government for which our fathers died."

Fifty of the rebel prisoners, all natives, were pardoned on the Fourth by President Dole. None of the ringleaders were given their freedom. Their sentences were commuted as follows:

Sentence of W. H. C. Craig, commuted from 20 to 15 years; H. W. Craig, 20 years to 15 years; Carl Wildeman, 30 years to 15 years; Louis Marshall, 20 to 15 years; W. H. Seward, 20 to 15 years; B. W. Craig, 20 years to 15 years; W. H. Richard, 20 to 15 years, and C. L. Culick, 20 to 15 years.

Thirteen of the above cases were not commuted. The Supreme Court rendered its decision in the Prince Cupid habeas corpus case on the 13th instant. The events of the January revolt are recorded at length with the trial, conviction and sentence of Hawaiian rebels to one year's imprisonment and fine of \$1,000. The sole ground upon which the petitioners asked to regain his liberty is that the military was without jurisdiction. The court holds that article 11 of the constitution, which provides that the President may in case of rebellion, invasion or immediate danger thereof place the government under martial law. The President alone, the constitution says, is to decide whether the exigency be such as to require martial law and his decision is not subject to review by the court.

The court finds that notwithstanding a reservation in the proclamation of martial law that civil war by special agreement by the conduct of ordinary business, persons may be tried by a military commission. The Prince was returned to jail to serve his time.

THE BAND PLAYED ON.

Words by JOHN F. PALMER.

Music by CHAS. B. WARD.

hired for a meeting place a hall..... When pay-day came around each other greased the floor with wax. And danced with noise and

At twelve o'clock at-act-ly they all would fall in line, As Ca-sey was the fa-vor-ite, and he that ran the ball, Of kiss-ing and lov-ing, Then he'd wait for with the

Each Sat-ur-day you'd see them dressed up in Sun-day clothes, Each lad would have his sweetheart by his side, And dance down to the dis-ling hall and And Ca-sey he has ta-ken him a

side..... When Ca-sey led the first grand march the rest would fall in line, But he'd stay up stairs and ex-er-cise his pride..... But Ca-sey would not join them, al-though a "y-thing was fine, Is hap-py Mis-sus Ca-sey now for life..... The blonde he used to wait and glide with of the ball-room floor

CHORUS. For..... Casey would wait with a straw-ber-ry blonde And the band played on..... He'd glide across the floor with the

girl he ad-ored, And the band played on..... But his brain was so load-ed it nearly ex-ploded, The poor girl would shake with a

alarm..... He'd never leave the girl with the straw-ber-ry curl, And the band played on..... on.....

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THE LATEST POPULAR SONG.

"The Band Played On" Makes a Big Hit.

NEW YORK, July 13.—A really "popular song" cannot be written to order. Ten leading song-writers of the country have hit a popular melody not more than once out of a hundred songs. Nobody can forecast whether a song is going to be a "big hit" or not.

Last Sunday, however, the Sunday World apparently hit upon what is destined to be a "popular song" which will rank with "McGinty," "Sweet Marie," "Comrades" and "After the Ball." This song was written by Charles B. Ward, the well-known singer and song-writer. "The Band Played On" is its title.

The Sunday World published the song because it seemed to be a particularly good one. The melody was unusually charming and the words were amusing. Since last Sunday the song has been played here and there by several bands and orchestras, and has made a hit. At Bath Beach, a very wide-awake, progressive summer resort on Long Island, it has attracted a great deal of attention. The people at Bath Beach are great readers of the Sunday World, and the band and orchestra leaders evidently must be, too. At any rate, several of them ran their eyes over the music, and, struck with its merits, sat down and arranged the band and orchestra score for their musicians.

The leaders of the orchestra at the Avoca Villa, at Bath Beach, set it to night music and played it Sunday night with great success. Mr. Stromenger, leader of the Hotel Argyle roof garden band, orchestrated the song in an hour and a half and it was received with great ap-

plause. Mr. Stromenger's orchestra also played it during the week in the ballroom at the Hotel Argyle.

At the Captain's Pier, where quite a vaudeville performance was given on last Saturday, the opening night, the song was played on Monday evening. It took so well that it had to be repeated, when all present joined in singing the very catchy chorus. The leader of the music at the Fort Lorry Hotel played it Monday, and it was received with much applause by the 300 guests of that hotel.

Prof. Louis Cornu, conductor of the orchestra at the Grand Hotel on Summit Mountain, in the Catskills, gave "The Band Played On" during the week, and will make the song a feature of his programme. Schneider's famous band, the best music at Asbury Park, played the new song repeatedly during the week, and will make it a regular feature of their repertoire.

The words of the new song moved somebody to write a funny parody on "The Band Played On," which was published in the Sunday World in its Fourth of July number.

When people begin writing parodies on songs it means that the song has become popular. This is "The Evening World's" parody:

"THE BAND PLAYED ON." One Sunday Casey felt so he thought he'd take a drink.

He went down to the corner where they sell mixed ale and lager. There he saw the grocer. Said he: "I think I'll go inside as well."

He knocked upon the door, when around the corner came Casey.

Commissioner Roosevelt with his eyes and teeth, A tall Casey to meet on, but Casey he showed light.

They had to be thinned out and the discarded plants were thrown into the ash barrel and then into a ditch in the country. A year later they were seen on the shore of Lake Ponchartraine, and in two years were abundant all around the lake and in all the waters that empty into it. In three years hunters and yachtsmen returning to the city brought wonderful news of the plant, and declared that it impeded navigation in some of the bays. Great beds of the waxy plant, gorgeous in the springtime with a warm cloud of color, floated in all the bays and reached in ribbons along the creeks and branches.

It is found now that they offer no serious hindrance to navigation and no damage to any interest, because as they spread they constantly break apart, and the detached masses float out into the Gulf and into the ocean, where navigators meet them in the guise of lavender colored islands. They do not take root in the soil, but float and subsist upon the water. The people of the Gulf coast are still astonished at this visitation, and are wondering what has been its cause.

They have not yet learned to utilize the flowers for decorative purposes or to cultivate and sell them to lovers of nature's ornaments. The boys who paddle Cherokee canoes, jessamine, and lilacs still pass the time by picking up the leaves and stems of the plant, and in time they will know better for the leaf is almost as beautiful as the blossom, and that is very beautiful indeed.

HOW THEY LASSO A BEAR.

Daring Performance by Pioneers in Texas—Bruin Killed to a Tree.

From Harper's Magazine. After an hour's weary traveling down the river and in the Texas sugar section of Louisiana, a passenger on a Texas Central train pointed out a ditch full of water hyacinths. They made a bed half a mile long of green waxy-like leaves studded with upright plumes of pale lavender blossoms. This was a month ago. He told them in the summer of 1891 he and his wife had been stopping at Monte Sano, in Northern Alabama, and had found there a lotus pond containing, besides the lotus plants, a few water hyacinths—both brought from a distance. He lived in his house, and so his home in that city he shipped some of the hyacinths done up in moss. They multiplied so rapidly in his garden in New Orleans that

COAL OIL COOK STOVES,

UP.

Cheaper than Gas or Gasoline and Absolutely Safe.

A LARGE LINE OF American Refrigerators,

With Removable Ice Compartments, to be closed out at your own price.

RANDOLPH-HECKEL,

412 NORTH TWELFTH ST.

HAVOC ON A STEEP GRADE.

Fatal Trolley Car Collision Outside of Toronto.

SOME FRIGHTFUL INJURIES.

One Car Was Filled With Gestic Children, and Over a Score Were Badly Hurt.

TORONTO, Ontario, July 13.—A terrible accident occurred on the Scarborough electric road just outside the city to-day in which several passengers were injured, three of whom may die, and one killed. A trolley car belonging to the Toronto Railway line and one of the Scarborough cars came in collision on the steep grade near East Toronto Village, and the Toronto car was completely telescoped.

The car was filled with children on their way to Victoria Park and over a score were badly injured. The city ambulances were hurriedly sent for, but before they arrived rigs were secured in the vicinity to carry the injured to the hospital.

James Stewart, 11 years of age, was killed. Frank Townsend, 13, had his left leg broken and right leg cut and his condition is serious. Miss Lettie Lambie is suffering from internal injuries and it is feared that she cannot recover.

The motorman, W. J. Graham, had both legs broken below the knee. The Conductor W. E. Northam had had injuries about the head.

R. H. Dunn, accountant of the Toronto Type Foundry, is suffering from internal injuries.

EMILY HALL'S MURDER.

Dr. Seaman Convicted of Having Performed a Criminal Operation.

DETROIT, Mich., July 13.—The jury in the case of Dr. Seaman, charged with the murder of Emily Hall, convicted Seaman of having performed a criminal operation upon Miss Hall by means unknown.

Miss Hall came from Blackheath, Dudley, England, and was a native of the city of Detroit. She was a Methodist clergyman, who is also generally supposed to have been a Quaker.

It was regarded as certain that Dr. Seaman had performed the operation, and that he was the man who had killed her. The jury was divided 11 to 10 in favor of conviction.

THREATENS A FLOOD.

Heavy Rains Force the Canadian Out of Its Banks.

SPECIAL TO THE POST-DISPATCH. WICHITA, Kan., July 13.—Reports received from the headquarters of the South Canadian state that that river is out of its banks on account of heavy rains in the panhandle of Texas, and a flood in the lower valleys in the Oklahoma Territory is imminent. Railroads are strengthening their uplands several weeks ago, prophesying that the springtime with a warm cloud of color, floated in all the bays and reached in ribbons along the creeks and branches.

A CRUISE ON THE MICHIGAN.

DETROIT, Mich., July 13.—The Michigan naval reserve left Detroit on the steamship Northwest this afternoon, ninety-one strong for Mackinac Island, where they will go aboard the ship Michigan for an eight days' cruise. The entire battalion will go aboard the Michigan Monday morning for instruction in naval tactics.

NICARAGUAN COMMISSION.

KEY WEST, Fla., July 13.—The United States cruiser Montgomery is expected here hourly from Colon.

THREE HUMAN DEVILS.

They Horribly Mutilate a Stranger and Leave Him to Die.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., July 12.—A special to the Citizen from River Junction says a terrible crime was committed in or near Mt. Pleasant, nine miles east of here, on the Florida Central and Peninsular Railway.

A young man named Mayers, whose father is a section foreman in South Carolina, came here a week ago seeking employment on the Mt. Pleasant road. Yesterday morning while at work at an isolated spot, three white men, under the influence of whiskey, came along, and one caught Mayers around the shoulders, remarking that they would have some fun.

The three bore him to the ground and then, regardless of his prayers and entreaties, emasculated him and left him lying unconscious under the glare of the burning sun.

He was found several hours later and immediately carried to Quincy for medical treatment. Mayers recovered sufficiently to say that he did not know the names of his assailants, but he could recognize them if they were brought before him. To a late hour no arrests have been made. Physicians say Mayers will die.

LOVE AND DEATH.

A Leavenworth Young Lady's Suicide After Quarreling.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., July 13.—Miss Anna Schwager, a prominent young woman and daughter of a wealthy merchant of this city, shot herself in the left breast to-night with a revolver, inflicting a fatal wound. It is thought she cannot live throughout the night. The tragedy was the result of a lovers' quarrel and occurred at the home of M. B. Donovan, a prominent business man, to whom Miss Schwager was engaged to be married. Considerable of a stir has been caused by the tragedy, because of the prominence of the couple.

BY ARCHBISHOP KAIN.

Opening of the Catholic Summer School at Madison, Wis.

MADISON, Wis., July 13.—A large representation from the membership of the Columbus Club of Chicago, together with other prominent members of the Catholic Church and clergy in Chicago, arrived this evening to attend the Columbian Roman Catholic summer school, which opens with a sermon by Archbishop Kain of St. Louis, to-morrow.

Many visitors are also here from other cities, chiefly from the West. The Upland and United States Senators Vilas and Spooner will speak at a reception to the guests to-morrow evening. The school will continue until August 4. Among the lecturers are some of the most prominent Catholic clergymen in the country.

Bishop Mesmer of Green Bay is President of the school. The school is a movement of the Catholic Church and an Eastern society. The Roman Catholic Summer School has been held in various places on Lake Chautauque.

WESTERN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

CHICAGO, ILL., July 13.—Harry B. Neal to-day defeated his brother Sam for the right to contest the Western tennis championship with Sam Chase.

A Useful Cigar.

From Tit Bits. A good story is told of a sea captain who did not long ago and who was formerly in command of a ship in which passengers were carried from London to Lisbon. On one occasion the ship caught fire, and the passengers and crew were compelled to take hurriedly to the boats. The captain himself perished, but he left behind him a curious and frightful of the debarkation, and at last every one except himself was got safely into the boats.

By the time he was ready to follow the passengers were almost wild with fear and excitement. Instead of hurrying down the ladder the captain called out to the sailors to hold on a minute, and taking a cigar from his pocket coolly lit it with a bit of burning rope which had fallen from the rigging at his feet. Then he descended with deliberation and gave the order to push off.

MR. PLATT'S TIOGA SATISFIER

Special Correspondence Sunday Post-Dispatch.
NEW YORK, July 11.—It is not known

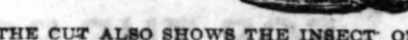
A TIOGA COUNTY RECIPE.

The Story of an Impetuous Wooer.

leophilus Brown," she laughed, glancing at the signature. "What a high-sounding name. Of course, you'll accept!"

Special Correspondence Sunday Post-Dispatch.
NEW YORK, July 11.—The Mexican

2-19-64 0343



by the most industrious and experienced biologist. Like many other insects, the woodpecker can find more of him in a day than all the college professors with their attendant classes could capture in a season's field work.

Everything in living nature has its means of defense. The 'possum lays dead. The chameleon takes on the color of his sur-

scientific way is all that can be said about
"Hinge Bug."

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the banker takes in all the coin in
at, from 10 to 25 per cent., according
reement, being set aside for the pur-
use of drinks, or "the use of the house,"
In the case of the "kitty" of poker,
the "hinge bug" is a little little cuss, but
he cannot stand more than an hour's steady
play. Allowed to rest and turned loose for
a short while in a conservatory or new
patrons where he can gain the food he craves
soon recovers his spirits.

ules Are as Far in Advance of the Regu-

Combining the Best of All Systems.

you Are Sick Cast Aside All Other Medicines, Bury Prejudice for a Few Days, Step into the Nearest Drug Store, Ask for Munyon's Guide to Health, Purchase a 25-Cent Vial of One of Munyon's Remedies and Cure Yourself.

OW UNDER INSPECTION. **NERVE SEEDS FOR WEAK MEN** nervous diseases. Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Head-ache, Wakefulness, Lost Vitality, nightly emissions, evil dreams, impotency and wasting diseases caused by youthful

has appointed four examiners for purpose for the State. They are James H. Campbell, president of the Kansas City National Bank; B. D. Kribben, vice-president of the same bank; Byron Sharp, of St. Louis, an accountant; and M. K. McGrath, ex-Secretary of the Missouri State Board of Charities office in St. Louis, where Mr. Campbell has been for some time. The local business of the bureau transacted by Kribben is now in Hannibal examination conditions.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 10.—The Metropolitan National Bank for a receiver for the Campbell Commission Company has brought to light the insolvency of that concern. It was one of the biggest corporations in the city, owned by J. H. Campbell, formerly of St. Louis, now of Chicago; George E. Black of Kansas City, H. P. Parry of St. Louis and J. O. L. Curry of Chicago. George E. Black and George

The half-rate rates to all Texas points, inaugurated by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway, are in force until July 25.

Demands for Blacklist

in a few days. There are a number of building and loan associations in this city, in many of them in existence for sev-

thought in my way on a tray. "I was the old gentleman by this time," he said with a little tinge of sarcasm. "I was old enough to know entirely I had forgotten his existence," he said with a smile. "I was the old gentleman by this time," he said with a little tinge of sarcasm. "I was old enough to know entirely I had forgotten his existence," he said with a smile. "I was the old gentleman by this time," he said with a little tinge of sarcasm. "I was old enough to know entirely I had forgotten his existence," he said with a smile.

"You only had a—a well, I will say it—a good husband to share it with you."

house. It was so pleasant to choose just what I wanted, and to have a rooming place that would be prettier and more comfortable, without being stinted as to means or convenience. I had everything to my fancy, from the carpet to the furniture, green, matching the oak finish in the parlor, and the dining room. I had a rooming place, with its bay window and folding doors, and a view of the city and harbor. Books had always been a passion with me, and now I had a rooming place where I could sit alone as a miser over his books.

[illegible]

GIVE YOU ONE MORE WEEK Of That Wonderful SLICK-TAKING SALE.

Importers, Jobbers and Retailers, St. Louis.

SHORT LENGTHS OF SILKS

All go this week

AT HALF PRICE.

Remnants of Satin at Half Price.

Remnants of Fancy Taffetas at Half Price.

Remnants of Fancy Brocade Satin at Half Price.

Remnants of Fancy Crepons at Half Price.

Remnants of Fancy Taffetas at Half Price.

Remnants of Fancy Brocade Satin at Half Price.

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Remnants of Fancy Taffetas at Half Price.

Remnants of Fancy Brocade Satin at Half Price.

Remnants of Fancy Crepons at Half Price.

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Remnants of Fancy Taffetas at Half Price.

Remnants of Fancy Brocade Satin at Half Price.

Remnants of Fancy Crepons at Half Price.

No old stock in MILLINERY department. Only importers' samples and jobbers' balances bought at incredibly low prices, especially to keep millinery department in the bargain procession during stock-taking sale, and every item advertised is a brand new fresh bargain, but a bargain all the same.

200 doz Sailor Hats, in the new Knox shape, white only..... \$1.00 50c
25 doz new fancy hats..... 50c 25c
10 doz blue Stanley Caps..... 25c 15c
50 doz blue and black sailors, all the very latest shapes and split brims..... 2.50 1.50

On Monday we make a specialty of morning goods, offering a handsome bonnet and veil usually sold for \$10 for \$5.

We warrant the blacks as perfectly fast.

A line of new trimmed hats at prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$10. You can buy a stylish bonnet for very little money if you come to-morrow during this sale. The last week of our stock-taking sale.

The only stock of Valenciennes Lace in St. Louis is at Barr's. This week'll find specials in other LACES worth looking after.

4 to 6-inch Point Venice Lace, white and ecru..... 15c 5c
6 to 8-inch net top..... 25c 15c
3 to 6-inch Cream Point de Paris..... 35c 25c

Every remnant of Black Silk Lace, about 25 of them, is going to be sold this week at

Just Half Price.

Every remnant of White Lace, about 45 of them, is going to be sold this week at half price and less. These remnants are the accumulation of a big stock-taking sale and will be closed out utterly regardless of cost, which has long been lost sight of.

Another month and you'll be making home beautiful for returning members of the family or for the stranger guest who will visit St. Louis this autumn. Look over the bargains in UPHOLSTERY department. The last week of stock-taking sale, remember.

Nottingham Lace Curtains at a wonderful reduction for stock-taking sale; all ecru and tamped all around:

11 Curtains for \$5.00 pair.
12 Curtains for \$6.00 pair.
13 Curtains for \$7.00 pair.
14 Curtains for \$8.00 pair.
15 Curtains for \$9.00 pair.

Real Antique and Cloney Lace Curtains at exactly half price. We commence at

27 Curtains for \$3.00 pair.
28 Curtains for \$4.00 pair.
29 Curtains for \$5.00 pair.
30 Curtains for \$6.00 pair.
31 Curtains for \$7.00 pair.

Another lot of Point Lace Curtains to be closed out. The values offered at these prices are astonishing:

44 Curtains for \$2.50 pair.
45 Curtains for \$3.50 pair.
46 Curtains for \$4.50 pair.
47 Curtains for \$5.50 pair.
48 Curtains for \$6.50 pair.

All our Silk Drapery Curtains by the pair must "move on." We have made the prices this way:

115 Silk Curtains for \$7.75 pair.
116 Silk Curtains for \$8.75 pair.
117 Silk Curtains for \$9.75 pair.
118 Silk Curtains for \$10.75 pair.
119 Silk Curtains for \$11.75 pair.

All Silk Draperies by the yard marked at one-half price.

Sixth, Olive and Locust Streets.

These will crowd EMBROIDERY department to-morrow morning. Come early.

4 1/2-inch wide margin Embroidery, French edge, broderie anglaise, 10c and 12c
6-inch wide margin Embroidery, French edge, 10c and 12c
8-inch wide Hamburg Skirting, guipure, 10c and 12c
8-inch wide Cream Mull Embroidery, 10c and 12c
10-inch wide Hamburg Margin Embroidery, 10c and 12c
22-inch wide Hamburg and Swiss All Over Embroidery, 10c and 12c
14-inch wide Swiss Insertion Open Work, 10c and 12c

You'll find exceedingly interesting values in HOSIERY department.

Women's plain black Cotton Hose and black uppers, white feet, Hermès dye; also a pair of striped Cotton Hose; unbleached grounds; plain and drop stitch.

Ladies' Black Thread Hosiery, black and solid striped tops; solid tan and other shades; plain and drop stitch.

Women's fancy Cotton Hose, ecru and white; black; boot and foot regular; also a pair of striped tops; solid tan and other shades; plain and drop stitch.

Women's French Thread Hosiery, black and solid striped tops; solid tan and other shades; plain and drop stitch.

Women's ribbed Balbriggan Vests, low neck, sleeveless; silk trimmed neck and arm.

Women's extra fine Line Thread Vests, ecru and white; silk trimmings.

Children's ribbed vests, broken stripes; high neck, long sleeves; low neck, short sleeves; low neck, short sleeves.

Commercial Note Paper, 25c 12c
Square White Envelopes, 10c 5c
Book lovers will find special attraction in this week's stock-taking sale.

Shows even a finger mark has been put on the bargain list, and the prices put at much less than cost. There still remain many of the best and most popular works among the reduced paper-covered novels at 10c.

Among the BOOKS you'll save money by buying these:

Reduced From To
200 doz Glass Towels..... 15c 10c
175 doz Pillow Slips, 36x45..... 2.50 1.50
150 doz Pillow Slips, 36x45..... 2.00 1.25
1 case All-pure Linen Toweling..... 1.50 1.00
120 Lunch Suits, 24x36..... 1.50 1.00
1000 yards Cup Toweling..... 1.15 9c
1200 yards Towels, 40x60..... 2.00 1.50
1000 Damask Table Cloths, with the price cut squarely in two.

High grade LINENS hand in hand with low grade prices is the order for this last week of Barr's stock-taking sale.

200 doz Glass Towels..... 15c 10c
175 doz Pillow Slips, 36x45..... 2.50 1.50
150 doz Pillow Slips, 36x45..... 2.00 1.25
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High grade LINENS hand in hand with low grade prices is the order for this last week of Barr's stock-taking sale.

The last sale this season of DUCK SUITS. All that are left of those two immense lots of Duck Suits will be closed out to-morrow.

The \$25.00 coats that were reduced to \$20 will have an additional dime dropped off the price, and you can buy them at \$19.50.

The \$35.00 suits that were reduced to \$13.33 will go to-morrow at \$12.50.

About 25 suits, all told, last Monday and Tuesday. We sold 600 of them. This ends that lot.

Nothing more suitable for LADIES' TRAVELING SUITS can be imagined than these of Brown Ken-tucky Home-spuns, very stylish looking and particularly adapted for traveling and outdoor use.

Reduced From To
White Pique, with navy collars, navy P. K. with white collars, white pique with cambric blue collars; fawn, buff and grass color pique with white collar and vest to match, all beautifully trimmed with white embroidery. Some with insertion of embroidery. All in the very latest mod. No two alike, and all at about half what they would easily bring in New York or elsewhere at this very moment. They begin at \$5.00, but the finest are only \$12.50, and \$17.50, and you'll need to come quickly for choice. These will be the last of the season.

Another lot of those beautiful P. K. Suits, trimmed with embroidery; these will be the last of the summer of '35.

White Pique, with navy collars, navy P. K. with white collars, white pique with cambric blue collars; fawn, buff and grass color pique with white collar and vest to match, all beautifully trimmed with white embroidery. Some with insertion of embroidery. All in the very latest mod. No two alike, and all at about half what they would easily bring in New York or elsewhere at this very moment. They begin at \$5.00, but the finest are only \$12.50, and \$17.50, and you'll need to come quickly for choice. These will be the last of the season.

A lot of soft Lawn Waists for ladies, with blue, broken and sizes..... \$5.00 and \$5c 25c

Unlimited bargains at FLANNELS.

27-inch Cream White Flannel..... 10c 5c
27-inch Fancy Cashmere Flannel..... 10c 5c
27-inch Black Flannel..... 10c 5c
27-inch White Flannel..... 10c 5c
27-inch Black Flannel..... 10c 5c
27-inch White Flannel..... 10c 5c
27-inch Black Flannel..... 10c 5c
27-inch White Flannel..... 10c 5c
27-inch Black Flannel..... 10c 5c
27-inch White Flannel..... 10c 5c

Less Than Half Price.

This is a bargain chance you can't afford to miss.

See our new line of Fancy Flannellette in Persian designs and colors, that would be cheap at \$2.00 per yard and more at \$1.00.

ABOUT MISSOURIANS.

Secretary of State Llewellyn will be a candidate for re-nomination.

Ex-Speaker Joseph J. Russell of Charleston is in training for a Congressional nomination.

Coal Oil Inspector Bronaugh was at the State capital Wednesday and Thursday on business with Gov. Stone.

Mal. George B. Clark, a prominent official in the Internal Revenue Service of the Government, was State Auditor in 1873.

Railroad Commissioner H. W. Hickman was reported seriously ill last week at his home in Jefferson City, but was improving.

Gov. J. W. Dickey of the Westville Union thinks highly of State Auditor Selbert as a candidate for Governor, and says so in no uncertain way.

Col. James O. Broadhead, now serving his country as Minister to Switzerland, was 76 years old last month. He is yet hale, hearty and full of hard work.

Richard T. Gentry, twice a candidate for State Treasurer, is a prosperous merchant, now at Blackburn, Mo., which town he has been in for many years.

Col. Richard Dalton, United States Surveyor of Customs for St. Louis, has not yet put on exhibition his boom for Governor, but his friends say it is rapidly developing.

No prettier or more stylish gown can be selected or worn than one of BLACK SILK GRENADINE, suitable alike for young and elderly ladies. To close the season we offer the remainder of our black silk grenadines in dress lengths, at

Just One-Half Price.

Other unusual values are offered. Reduced From To
Black all-wool French Challie..... 40c 20c
27-inch black and white Imported Dimity..... 25c 15c
28-inch solid black Lace Organdie..... 45c 20c
28-inch black and white Genuine Imported Gingham, plain..... 30c 15c

We will close out all remnants, also skirt and dress lengths in black goods, that have accumulated during our July Clearing Sale, at greatly reduced prices.

We've sold more WASH FABRICS since this sale began than other stores had in stock at the beginning of the season, and yet we still have more and choicer cotton fabrics at bargain prices than you'll find in all St. Louis.

400 pieces 28-inch Perspiration Proof Grenadine..... 15c 11-3c
50 pieces Koehlin's French Organdie, new patterns..... 25c 15c
500 pieces Duchesse and other Jaconets, sheer and lovely goods, but Windsor Silk Tulle, an adorable command to "move on" and make room for the new goods.

75 pieces lovely Organdie, Lisse, richest printing..... 60c 25c
1000 pieces Criterion Zephyr Gingham, the quality that neither fades nor shrinks..... 12 1/2c 10c
100 pieces plain and printed Piques and Ducks..... 30c 12 1/2c
400 pieces, exclusive patterns, 36-inch Penangs, for shirt waists, the new lot for this summer..... 12 1/2c

No matter what you want you'll find it at NOTIONS.

Reduced From To
Gold and Silver Enameled Shirt Waist Sets..... 50c 25c
1 lot of fancy Sewer Pins..... 25c 10c
Gold-plated Link or Lever Buttons..... 25c 15c
A line of Silk Belts, in black and white, with fancy white metal buckles, in various patterns..... 50c 25c
White Metal Monogram Buckles..... 25c 10c
Good quality Curling Irons..... 15c 8c
Wire Hair Pins, per paper..... 10c 5c
English Pins, in sheets..... 10c 5c
Covered Horn Buttons, in various lengths, per box..... 10c 5c
4-oz. bottle Sachet Powder, assorted colors..... 1.00 50c
8-oz. bottle, good quality, Florida Water..... 50c 25c
Glycerine Soap, per cake..... 5c 2c
Assorted colors, each..... 10c 5c
1 lot good bristle Tooth Brushes, plain or fancy handles..... 5c and 25c

Men's Dress Shirts, with fancy colored bosoms, these have never been sold for less than..... \$1.25 75c
Men's extra fine quality fancy trimmed Night Shirts..... 1.25 75c
Men's open necked, long sleeve shirts, with short sleeves..... 60c 25c
Men's light weight Balbriggan half hose, double heel, low cut..... 15c 10c
Men's washable four-in-hand ties, in fancy colors..... 25c 5c
Men's fancy colored suspenders, with silk ends..... 60c 15c

The Daintiest Place in St. Louis is Barr's Cafe. Cool, clean and quiet, with daintily prepared food, it is just the place to rest from the wearisome labor of shopping. A full assortment of Plow's delicious candies and chocolates always on hand.

Very earnestly of presenting the name of Judge John A. Hickaday of Fulton for Governor. The Judge made a splendid canvass for the nomination at the time of Col. Crittenden's race last year, but since then he seems to have retired from all personal participation in State politics, preferring to remain on the Circuit bench. It need be no surprise, however, if he should be persuaded to accept nomination.

James P. Wood of Monroe, who died recently from injuries received in a railway accident, was once a member of the State senate and a delegate to the National Democratic Convention of 1880. The Missouri delegation of that year, by the way, was usually brilliant, consisting of such men as George G. Vest, ex-Gov. Silas Woodson, Mr. Joseph Pulliam, Oliver Campbell, Dr. Mumford, Charles H. Morgan, Gen. James Craig and others equally well-known.

Col. E. C. More, according to the Centennial Guard, is an aspirant for the Democratic nomination for Governor in the Boone County district. The Colonel has been a presidential elector and Consul-General to Mexico, and on all occasions has done great service for Democracy.

Henry L. Gray, the new examiner of building and fire insurance, was twice Secretary of the State Senate and latterly Chief Clerk of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. He was for many years a commercial traveler and resided at Sturgeon, where his son is editor of the Leader.

State Senator Peter of Warren County some time since entertained a proposition made by his friends to become a candidate for Governor, but it is thought his recent bereavement will cause him not to enter the race.

F. G. Niedringhaus of St. Louis was a popular Republican at this time last year, and was everywhere mentioned in connection with the Governorship. But since Boss Filley and his backers have come to entertain a lively hope of carrying the next State ticket to success Mr. Niedringhaus seems to have been forgotten.

John A. Hannay of Versailles has been so long Printing Clerk of Congress that he is now the oldest living soldier. He was born in Boone County, this State, in 1837, and has seen 25 years of service in the United States army.

Sam Davis of Marshall, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Education, would not mind going to Congress himself. He is for free silver and would be terribly in the way of Dr. Brown.

Ex-Speaker Joshua W. Alexander of Daviess and ex-Senator True of Harrison are both and have been in Congress in the Third District. Both have been considerable public service.

Col. George Connelly of Warrensburg has announced his candidacy for Congress. He is at present a clerk in the Adjutant-General's office, and has a State reputation as an orator in the last campaign.

Capt. Geo. B. Harper, who died at Booneville the other day, was Clerk of the Missouri State penitentiary under the wardenship of Mr. Darwin Marmaduke. Capt. Harper served gallantly in the Confederate army as an officer in Col. Robert McCulloch's cavalry regiment and the South had no braver soldier.

Mr. Harber of Grundy, recently discharged by the Supreme Court, is one of the most eloquent and forceful orators on the stump. For many years he and Col. J. G. Shanklin have steadily represented Grundy in the National Legislature.

Appointment Clerk Frank Nesbit of the Treasury Department at Washington formerly resided in Boone County, and was a member of the Missouri Legislature of Lowry City, St. Louis County, where his father is still engaged in the mercantile business.

It takes so little to make children happy, their little hearts so easily throbb with joy, but the little girl knows no greater happiness than the possession of a PARASOL. At the quoted prices every one can have them.

Reduced From To
Children's Parasols in Red, Dark, Blue and Blue..... 15c 10c
Children's Parasols, with Ruffled Red, Dark Blue and Blue..... 25c and 35c 15c
Ladies' Black Silk Parasols, with Deep Flounce of Yellow Silk Lace..... \$5.00 \$1.75
Coaching Parasols, of Organza Silk, Finest Quality..... 4.50 \$2.00
Beautiful All-Silk Parasols, with Double Silk Lace Collar, of Silk Ruffles, colored Tans, Brown, Mode, Light Beige or Gray Shades..... \$3.00 \$1.50

Pure Linen Handkerchiefs at 11c Each.

We will close out a lot of Ladies' White Hemstitched and Revere Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, well worth 17c each, at 11c.

Men's Handkerchiefs at 21c Each

A lot of Men's Full Size Hemstitched Cream Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs, with 1 1/2-inch hems, worth 35c.

SPECIAL—On Monday at handkerchief sale, we will close out the balance of our Ladies' White Hemstitched ends, at just half price..... 50c 25c
This is an opportunity to get a supply of popular neckwear that you will quickly appreciate. Remember, at handkerchief counter, Sixth street, near Olive street corner. Come early.

Each day has brought to your attention special values, but even Barr's stock is not inexhaustible; but we aim to make the last week the best in bargain-giving.

Reduced From To
Men's Dress Shirts, with fancy colored bosoms, these have never been sold for less than..... \$1.25 75c
Men's extra fine quality fancy trimmed Night Shirts..... 1.25 75c
Men's open necked, long sleeve shirts, with short sleeves..... 60c 25c
Men's light weight Balbriggan half hose, double heel, low cut..... 15c 10c
Men's washable four-in-hand ties, in fancy colors..... 25c 5c
Men's fancy colored suspenders, with silk ends..... 60c 15c

Just one item from CLOVES, but it's a good one.

At 50c the Pair.

One lot of Ladies' Undershirt Kid Gloves, 4 buttons, medium and light colors..... \$1.25 50c

Mail Orders will receive prompt attention.

Importers, Jobbers and Retailers, St. Louis

Goods of interest from the WHITE GOODS department.

At \$1.15 for 12 Yards—36-inch English Long Cloth, the best soft finished cotton for ladies' fine underwear.

At 65c Yard—400 pieces Satin-Striped Nainsooks.

At 135c Yard—A fine grade of white linen finished Duck.

At 7c Yard—Sheer and fine India Linen.

REQUIRE FOR BICYCLISTS' USE.

A Code of Good Manners for Wheel Devotees.

Written for the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

The bicycle has introduced a new element into social intercourse. With thousands of persons in this city devoting their leisure hours to the wheel, it is obvious that the question of bicycle manners has become a very important one.

The great and general use of the bicycle is so recent a development that there is necessarily much uncertainty on a subject such as this. It is for the advantage of all that as set of well defined rules should be accepted as soon as possible.

It may be pointed out that the sport of bicycling is one which is peculiarly in need of such rules. It is a sport which is not set apart for it, as are most other sports. Bicyclists use the public roads in common with vehicles drawn by horses, cable cars, trolley cars and pedestrians. In any collision the bicyclist is certain to be greater sufferer than the cars, and perhaps than the pedestrians. Their machines as well as their limbs are at stake.

A SPORT FOR BOTH SEXES. But what makes a proper understanding of how to behave on a wheel most desirable is the fact that men and women enjoy the sport together. They are associated under conditions which never existed before, and it is inevitable that many questions of conduct should arise out of this circumstance.

They ride side by side for miles, and it is the duty of the man to protect the woman as much as amusement as themselves. It is also the duty of the woman not to give more trouble than she is capable of. These are some of the altruistic features of bicycling.

It is of course very important that a man should not run down a woman rider. He will probably get hurt much more than she will and be made ridiculous in the bargain. This may seem an unnecessary remark to wise men, but there are many beginners who should heed it.

Kindness and good sense are the basis of good manners in bicycling, and will be found on the kindness of fellow-wheelmen. Little accidents easily remedied by the experienced wheelman leave a beginner helpless, with the prospect of carrying his machine home.

The following rules or suggestions for rules have been approved by a number of experienced wheelmen, and will be found to cover the more important questions of conduct on the road.

In the first place, remember that too much care cannot be exercised for the safety of pedestrians, as well as wheel people. The carriage will be liable to be run over by themselves. If you have the misfortune to run over a pedestrian, stop, hasten away, but stop to give what help you can.

Never pass by an accident without dismounting and inquiring what the trouble is, and whether you can be of any assistance, but remember that any service you may render to a wheelwoman does not entitle you to her acquaintance without the usual formal introduction. It is always proper to speak to a wheelwoman who may be in need of assistance in a friendly and courteous manner.

The cap should always be removed when making inquiries of a woman in reference to repairs or assistance if she is not one of your party.

Never address a woman while in a scorching position. It is not graceful and indelicate, and she will be sure to resent it. Always ride up to her in a graceful and courteous manner, and raise your cap and ask if you can be of service.

Do not hesitate to leave your party temporarily to give assistance to a man or woman rider who really needs it.

In following a path where there is not room for two abreast, let a woman go first. Go slowly, so that you can dismount without help and help her if she has any trouble. If the man were to go first on a bad road he might get a long way ahead of his companion without knowing that she was in distress.

You should ride on the left side of a woman, because then you will have your right arm ready to give assistance.

In riding on a bad country road, where it is necessary to go in single file, a good distance should be kept between the riders to lessen the chances of an accident.

It is an imperative rule of good behavior among wheel riding people that all women, handmaids or otherwise, should receive the same attention. The latter are more delicate, and this fact is some recompense to a man for doing his duty.

The rule of the road is to keep to the right, but when you pass a vehicle going the same direction as yourself take care to keep to the left of that vehicle, and avoid the danger of being caught between it and the curbstone.

When coming up behind a rider going at a slower pace you should ring your bell until an answer is received, and then swing on to the left. The rider in the lead will turn his wheel slightly to the right when he hears your signal, and pass. Many of the accidents we read of every day could be avoided if the riders would regulate their pace according to their skill in managing the wheel under difficulties.

Do not ride in the middle of a path or roadway. You are liable to meet with an accident, and cannot recover for damages to your wheel unless you observe the rules of the road.

When you ride past a vehicle going in the same direction always sound your bell. It is bad form to ring too frequently or too violently, except when a collision is imminent, and prompt action necessary to prevent it. To use a shrill whistle or a calliope is bad form at any time and indicates the novice.

DISPLAY THE CLUB COLORS. If you are an attached rider you should always display the club colors, and in a way as possible, that your wheel may be instantly recognized by fellow-members, either in riding or at resting places.

To stop and repair your wheel on the path or roadway is dangerous and shows lack of consideration for others, who will probably assist you in making repairs if you moved your wheel to one side and cleared the way.

When coming up behind a rider if you notice that his or her hind wheel is flat, do not fail to call attention to the fact. This is especially appreciated.

It may happen that when you go to the assistance of a woman rider who has had an accident you will have to take her wheel some distance to be repaired. It is then well to leave your wheel with her.

THE SPUKIER. One of the greatest nuisances of club riding is the persistent spurier, who is either ahead or behind during the entire trip. Captains have much difficulty in keeping such people in line. They not only deprive themselves of the real pleasure of wheeling, but frequently cause bad wrecks and broken wheels and sometimes broken bones.

If you belong to a club and are to leave a certain point at a given time, it is very bad form to come late. This makes the scattered start and spoils the most pleasant part of the day.

It is improper to run past the captain or pacemaker, even in coasting.

Always preserve your dignity, and pay no attention to small boys or do not be of which are perfectly harmless to the average wheelman.

THE GRUMBLER. When the management of a club has decided on a certain league hotel for your accommodation, it is inexcusable to find fault with the table, the parlors or the kind of beverage served. Preserve your temper and express your dissatisfaction at your regular club meeting.

When you belong to a club and the club run expenses are paid by one of the party and collected pro rata, always offer to settle your share at the last resting place on the way home. Do not leave your money in your pocket. It is bad form to leave your financial man and it is not considered the proper thing.

In many good clubs it is a rule for the woman members to pay their share of expenses. This is a practice that will probably grow in general favor.

Fancy and trick riding are not proper on the road. That sort of thing should be confined to the academy and riding schools.

SOME DON'TS FOR THE WOMAN BICYCLIST.

By Heeding These Words of Wisdom She Will Earn and Deserve the Respect of the Community on Foot and Awheel.

DON'T be a flirt.
DON'T wear a mask.
DON'T wear light garters.
DON'T faint on the road.
DON'T stop at road-houses.
DON'T forget your tool bag.
DON'T attempt a "century."
DON'T get lost in the country.
DON'T say "Feel my muscle."
DON'T boast of your long rides.
DON'T discuss the time you have spent on a ride.
DON'T wear loud-hued leggings.
DON'T criticize people's legs.
DON'T refuse assistance up a hill.
DON'T wear clothes that don't fit.
DON'T neglect a "light's out" cry.
DON'T cultivate a "bicycle sack."
DON'T sit on your pocket oil can.
DON'T wear jewelry while on a ride.
DON'T powder your face on the road.
DON'T wear rubber-soled cycling shoes.
DON'T race. Leave that to the scholars.
DON'T blush when you take your first ride.
DON'T go to church in your bicycle costume.
DON'T keep your mouth open on dirty roads.
DON'T converse while in a scorching position.
DON'T imagine everybody is looking at you.
DON'T wear lace boots. They are tiresome.
DON'T ride where a man would fear to wheel.
DON'T carry too many things in your pockets.
DON'T wear white kid gloves; silk is the thing.
DON'T content the right of way with cable cars.
DON'T go out after dark without a male escort.
DON'T chew gum. Exercise your jaws in private.
DON'T wear a garden-party hat with bloomers.
DON'T tempt fate by riding too near the curbstone.
DON'T ask "What do you think of my bloomers?"
DON'T use bicycle slang. Leave that to the boys.
DON'T discuss bloomers with every man you know.
DON'T neglect to carry a compact little toilet case.
DON'T use your bicycle dress for a bathing costume.
DON'T scratch a match on the seat of your bloomers.
DON'T allow your dear little face to be spoiled by a wheel.
DON'T think you look as pretty as every fashion plate.
DON'T pay any attention to the remarks of hayseeds.
DON'T tell every man you know he ought to get a wheel.
DON'T bend over like Zimmerman. It is not graceful.
DON'T let your golden hair be haggard on your back.
DON'T try to have every article of your attire "match."
DON'T appear in public until you have learned to ride well.
DON'T ignore the laws of the road.
DON'T aspire to be thought worthy of enrollment in "Class B."
DON'T overdo things. Let cycling be a recreation, not a labor.
DON'T ride in your bloomers on long rides.
DON'T throw your legs over the handle bar and coast down hill.
DON'T think that every man you meet on a wheel is a gentleman.
DON'T ride a wheel. The time has not come.
DON'T wear the gay colors of a race horse jockey. It is bad form.
DON'T ride on business streets. Stick to the parks and boulevards.
DON'T carry a pocket of cigars or a tin of cigarettes.
DON'T scream if you meet a cow. If she sees you first she will run.
DON'T say that a mile is a ride with you are not in your social set.
DON'T let a single drop of sweat be visible on your forehead.
DON'T cultivate everything that is up to date because you ride a wheel.
DON'T let a fellow cyclist ride a mile from the nearest French newspaper.
DON'T take your bicycle costume from the stage or the French newspapers.
DON'T underestimate the confidence of a fellow cyclist.
DON'T appear to be up on "records" and "record smashing." That is sporty.
DON'T try to salute your friends with great grace while you are on your wheel.
DON'T go far from home in blue or smoky-hued bloomers.
DON'T travel without a thin gossamer cloak. It will prove handy in many ways.
DON'T go out without money in your pocket, for it may be a long walk home.
DON'T decide that you will not wear a wheel because you are not a Frenchman.
DON'T wear a sack for ornament. Its ends may become entangled in the wheels.
DON'T look back to "see what she has got on." Eve's curiosity went before the fall.

DON'T forget that there is a difference between a lady bicyclist and a bicycle lady.
DON'T sneer at the lawn tennis girl, or maybe she will not ask you to be a bride-maid.
DON'T mistake the "sun grin" of a fellow-cyclist's face for an attempt at flirtation.
DON'T do anything while on a wheel that you would not do on a fashionable promenade.
DON'T imagine that every gentleman you meet is a tramp, or every tramp a gentleman.
DON'T extol the merits of your wheel to strangers, as they will mistake you for a drummer.
DON'T use a brake until you have been thoroughly instructed as to how and when to apply it.
DON'T stop and discipline small boys who may think it funny to make remarks about you.
DON'T gush and call your wheel "a dear old lovely delightful darling." Say that "Chawley."
DON'T wait until you are stranded five miles from a house and a field—it is your tool.

DON'T scream loudly for assistance because you see a strange man in a field—it may be a policeman.
DON'T lift up your skirts suddenly to astonish people by showing them your bloomers underneath.
DON'T let the bicycle will reduce superfluous flesh if you insist upon satisfying the bicycle appetite.
DON'T go out with a young man who will pedal away for assistance should tramps or hoodlums appear.
DON'T ride at all if you are in doubt as to the benefits to be derived, until you have consulted your family physician.
DON'T wear a theme as religion or politics. In sombre hues you will attract enough attention to satisfy even the new woman.
DON'T travel on the assumption that because you are a woman street cars and brewers' wagons will turn out for you.
DON'T expect a man to pay you compliments when you are both riding. A compliment will probably cause a catastrophe.
DON'T denounce bloomers as an immodest for no better reason than that your parents will not permit you to wear them.
DON'T discuss the comparative merits of various bicycles the subject of discussion.
DON'T think the bicycle a substitute for a baby carriage. There is danger ahead.
DON'T argue with the man-bicycle friends that wheeling is the only sport in the world, for they have just as much fun yachting and golfing.
DON'T wear delicate or other avoidable incongruous can be imagined than evening dress on a bicycle.
DON'T try to scale mountains on your wheel. Only beginners do that, and of course they are not to be taken seriously.
DON'T labor under the delusion that a bicycling party gives you the same opportunities for sentimental discourse as are afforded by a coaching trip.
DON'T get into a quarrel with a fellow cyclist. Console yourself with the thought of your appearance on the home trip with straight, deflected locks floating in the breeze.
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ANOTHER WATER BICYCLE.

A Hundred Pound Machine Which Makes Six Miles an Hour.

Don Ramon Barea of Madrid is the latest amateur to try his hand at inventing a nautical bicycle. He has perfected a machine for use upon lakes and rivers, with which he has been enabled to make about six miles per hour.

This machine is composed of two cases of stout white-canvas floats, and are connected by cross-bars. Near the

EAST ST. LOUIS.

In honor of the National French fête to-day at Grand Vaux to commemorate the fall of the Bastille, East St. Louis is arrayed in its best bib and tucker, and it is expected the city will be thronged with visitors. The programme includes a morning parade by the various French societies to the beautiful park in the northern limits of the city. The mayor and members of the City Council will attend the grand demonstration in a body. At the park addresses will be delivered by Hon. Chauncey I. Hays, Mayor of St. Louis, Henry F. Bader of East St. Louis, Emil Karst, ex-consul of France, Louis Malliot, President of the French Fraternity Association, and others. Vocal music will be furnished by the Grand Choeur of the St. Louis Philharmonic society and Mr. Porteous, the basso. An excellent orchestra of twelve pieces will dispense instrumental music throughout the day. An attractive list of amusements will diversify the proceedings, and at night a grand exhibition of fireworks will close the celebration.

A meeting of the stockholders of the American Hydraulic Press Brick Co. will be held in the Secker building, July 20, when directors will be elected to serve the ensuing year. Services of the First Christian Church will be held at music hall to-day, Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m. and preaching at 11 a. m. Rev. A. M. Dubuc, pastor of the First Baptist church, will preach this morning on the subject, "Patience." Evening topic, "Walking by Faith."

Miss Jennie Eckenrode will return from a leave of absence to-day, Monday.

St. Streuber, city attorney of Highland, is the guest of East St. Louis relatives.

A large crowd gathered at the new ball park at East St. Louis yesterday to witness the game between the St. Louis Browns and the Baltimore Orioles.

The Young Men's play the Cyclopes at Capitol station to-day afternoon.

John Williams, an employee at the National stock yards, was killed yesterday afternoon by a steam locomotive while driving the team from one pen to another. He was killed by the locomotive while driving the team from one pen to another.

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stern, in the space between the two cases, is a paddle-wheel, operated by pedals something like a bicycle. The machine weighs about 100 pounds. It is steered by a small rudder at the stern and has been tried successfully by its inventor, passing over the water quickly and easily.

Many "Sickles' Flyers" are seen on the boulevards and in the parks. St. Louis is fast becoming a bicycle manufacturing center, and it is said there will be four factories engaged in making bicycles next spring.

BELLEVEILLE NEWS.

The French Fete Association of St. Clair County has arranged a celebration for to-day in honor of the 106th anniversary of French independence. These celebrations are held annually by the association, and are always attended by large numbers of people, native Americans as well as French and German. The celebration will take place at Haystack Grove, Belleville station, in the heart of the French settlement of the county. Hon. J. N. Perrin, lately of Belleville, will act as master of ceremonies. Following is the programme: Opening address by F. A. Lophin, president of the French Fete Association, address by Fred S. Weicker of Belleville, address in French by George E. Long of Belleville, song by Edward L. Hartman of St. Louis, address by Hon. J. N. Perrin of Belleville, song by Louis A. Fessenden of St. Louis, address by Judge John H. Hay of Belleville, song "My Love is Fairer than the Sun" by Mrs. Fessenden, address by S. A. McKeenham of Belleville.

The regular semi-monthly meeting of the City Council will be held to-night, and it is probable that there will at least be an interesting discussion of the West Main street bridge contract. It is said the contract made with Geisel & Co. for the construction of the bridge is not legal, and in fact, the City attorney has delivered an opinion to that effect. The reasons given are that the contract was not let to the lowest responsible bidder, and that the call of the special meeting after it is done and they may demand a new contract that will be legal and binding.

The Belleville wheelmen will have a run to Trenton, Ill., to-day, starting at 10 a. m. Misses Adele Stoecker, Bertha Kunze and Louise Koyanek have gone to Trenton to attend the meeting of the National Teachers' Association.

Mrs. Jeannette Engelmann is here visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. A. Kirchner.

Mrs. S. E. Hallis of Decatur was the guest of Mrs. Herman Sittman last week.

Henry Schweitzer and Miss Louise Warner of Carle will be married next Saturday. They will reside in Belleville.

Capt. E. Mackey, who has been transferred from Belleville to the regular meeting at the Salvation Army barracks to-day.

Nathan Seeger of St. Louis is here visiting his father, Ludwig Seeger.

Miss S. E. Tuffs, of Central, President of the Interstate Association of Mexican War Veterans, was here yesterday to make preparations for the convention to be held here August 19 and 20. A local committee will be formed to make further preparations.

A party of members of the Germania Turn Verein walked to St. Louis last night. They will spend Sunday with the Germania Turn Verein and return by rail to-night.

Eighty-two new cases, including seven divorces, have been filed in the Circuit Court for trial at the coming term.

Interest in the purchase of the farm near Mascoutah for \$5,000.

Mrs. Emma and Ida Hendricks of 712 Ohio avenue left Saturday for a prolonged visit to relatives at St. Louis.

Mrs. E. H. Beck of 638 North Seventh street has returned from a delightful visit at St. Louis.

Miss Emma and Annie Shone of 706 Col. Illinois avenue will leave on Monday for Paris, and will remain till September.

Mrs. J. M. Miller of Springfield, Ill., is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. N. Jones of North St. Louis.

Mrs. George Putnam is the guest of relatives at Elmwood.

Fidelity drive of the Order Ladies of the Macabees are preparing to entertain their friends at a large party at Gross Park on Wednesday evening, July 24.

The St. Louis Stable, in the rear of 706 Olive street, is rapidly filling up with wheels, which goes to show that a good thing is appreciated.

A Killer's Predicament. NEVADA, MO., July 12.—E. C. Smith, the young tramp who cut and killed a fellow tramp, supposed to be Tom Sanford, in the railroad yards here Wednesday night, was remanded to jail here this afternoon by Justice C. T. Davis to await the action of the Circuit Court in default of \$1,000 bond. Smith was a coal miner and that he was born in Nevada, N. C., but came here from Illinois.

Sewer Gas Explosion. Mrs. Lamoureux, living at 3715 Evans avenue, was trying to open a sewer in a shed back of her home yesterday, and in doing so she lit a piece of paper which she sold near the sewer. The shed was ignited and flames burst out, but the fire was quickly extinguished by the fire department.

Bakery and Vegetable Wagons Collide. While driving on Manchester road near Vandeventer avenue yesterday afternoon the rig of Charles Dorson, a user at 3313 Manchester avenue, collided with a wagon loaded with vegetables and containing Mrs. Eva Freiler and her 13-year-old son Arthur. The vegetable wagon was thrown overboard and the rig was badly damaged. The son was thrown out and the father was painfully bruised. Dorson paid Mrs. Freiler for the damage to her wagon.

A Fatal Store Polishing. Powder hidden in rubbish in a kitchen stove caused Peter Dorson, 4 years old, to lose one of his eyes at 9:45 yesterday morning. He was blackening the stove and set fire to the rubbish in it. An explosion followed.

Sterling Cycle—"Ball like a watch"—Day Rubber Co.

LAWN TENNIS.

Large Assortment of Rackets in all Styles and Weights.

Complete Sets, Nets, Balls and everything necessary to play the game. Prices, the lowest, as usual.

HAMMOCKS. Largest Variety in St. Louis. Prices Lower Than Anybody. Call and See Our Elegant Line.

Headquarters for Bicycles and Sporting Goods of All Kinds.

E. C. MEAGHAM ARMS CO., Fourth and Olive Sts.

Sickles Flyer. TRADE MARK.

\$75 BICYCLE \$75 FOR A HIGH GRADE.

Positively equal to any \$100 wheel now on the market. This superb bicycle has all the attributes of strength, beauty and durability, and has but to be seen to be appreciated.

WE GUARANTEE THIS BICYCLE To be the Best ever made for the money.

OUR LADIES' FLYER IS A BEAUTY. Pay us a visit; if we cannot sell you we can at least give you some "pointers" on "how to buy a bicycle."

Of all the dead-alive cash markets, corn!

at least comfort for herself and her aging mother,

g its way into the produce quarters. Joe

navy fine....	1	2 8	Fair	10 10
navy & earthy	5	2 7	Coarse and low..	14 10

oping cough, cases 3, deaths, 1.

at least comfort for herself and her aged, and mother,

ra. Corporal Teale pursued him, firing

WHICH WHO BET ON THE RACES.

Their Number Increasing Rapidly
in St. Louis.

SOUTH SIDE TRACK SCENES.

"Plungers" of All Sorts and Conditions
Studied and Pictured—Dangers
of the Habit.

Lawyer R. S. McDonald, who is the de-
fendant in Mrs. "Lou" Watkins' \$100,000
breach of promise suit, charges the fair



HER HORSE DIDN'T SHOW.

plaintiff with being a "plunger" on horses,
and as being known as the "Queen of the
South Side track." Mrs. Watkins denies
this, although she admits she has visited
the track occasionally. Whether she is a
plunger or not, however, the fact is indis-
putable that there is a regular betting con-
tingent of the fair sex at all the tracks, and
St. Louis is no exception.

Of course the ladies do not mingle with
the maddening throng of men in the betting
ring; the official pool-buyers on the grand
stand place their commissions, and they
amount to enough to justify the two War-
ner brothers in paying to the association
\$5 a day for the pool-buying privilege. The
official pool-buyer wears a badge setting
forth his official position. He circulates
among the ladies. A patron picks out his
choice, gives him the money and he places
her bet at the best odds obtainable. If the
ticket wins he collects the money for her,
and is entitled to a commission of 10 per
cent for his services whether the ticket wins
or loses. The Warner farm out the priv-
ilege to other boys who pay \$1 a day each
and make good money. This means that
at the lowest possible estimate \$50 a day
is bet by the ladies assembled; otherwise,
on a 10 per cent basis, the pool-buyers could
not make the business profitable. As a
matter of fact, the aggregate average daily
sum is greatly in excess of this. Nor is the
commission paid limited to 10 per cent of the
money bet. If a woman wins she is inclined
to be generous, and the pool-buyer often
gets a generous tip out of her winnings.

There are two classes of bettors among
the women. One consists of the occa-
sional visitors who are invariably "pick-
ers," making small bets, and who are cor-
respondingly cast down or elated, according
to whether they lose or win. Usually they
go in companies, and the bet is made on a
\$2 bet. Often four of them will not ven-
ture more than 25 cents each, and are
forced to patronize the \$1 book, where the
odds are not so attractive. This class wants
the odds. They are not so much interested
in the race, but in the money, and are not
even money, and pin their faith to horses
that promise a return of something over 5

by the excitement and anticipation of the
next race.

The other class consists of women who
bet more freely and with the judgment of
the true turf follower. Although one class
are better, they are badly mixed socially.
Some are women of good repute, the wives
of men who play the races themselves, and
who have no moral scruples against their
wives speculating on their play money. Some
are the wives of bookmakers. Such men
where they are in luck are almost uniformly
liberal with their wives, and the latter are
among the plungers of the fair sex, often
making considerable winnings. Some are
boarding-house-keepers who know nothing of
horses, but who rely on tips given them by
jockeys, owners and others connected with
the turf who board with them—in some in-
stances these gentry are said to discharge
their board bills with tips more or less
straight. In this category also come the
mistresses and sweethearts of jockeys, stable
boys, rubbers and track employees of all
kinds. The women of the half-world are
also conspicuous in this class, and bet good
round sums. Many of this latter con-
tingent watch the form sheet closely and back
their own judgment, while others play tips
given them by the bookmakers. She is often
of whatever social condition, more decorum
is observed among women. She is often
winnings with more stolidity. They are the
"regulars," and what they lost to-day they
hope to win to-morrow. For contraries, the
experience has taught them not to be too
confident in their winnings, for they may go
broke next day.

In the sacred enclosure for club mem-
bers only the betting man like-
wise prevails among society belles
and matrons. The official pool-
buyer has good patronage there, al-
though many of the commissions are placed
by male friends in their own set. The pool-
buyer is a discreet youth as a general
thing. He will tell of occasional killings,
but will make no names. That ends the
connection unless the ticket wins, when he
cashes in for her. He does not ask her
name and does not want to know. If he
does know, as he does in the case of sundry
regular plungers, he is too discreet to tell.
A new factor which has sprung up in the
last few years is the female tout—almost
an inevitable product of the increase of the
betting man among women. She is often
the wife of some jockey, stable employee or
tout. She is always neatly attired,
and by regular attendance comes to know
the habits. She does not go about her
work in the same manner as the regular
information to all comers. She is discreet
and reserved. Somehow or other she comes
to be regarded as an oracle, and the regu-
lar comes to her for tips. If her information
proves to be straight, the happy winner
offers a "divvy" and it is accepted. She is
a tout pure and simple, but is not recognized
as such and is never disturbed in her avoca-
tion.

The regulars are not easily "worked" by
advertisers. They have learned to deal only
with the official pool-buyer, and are im-
mune from the operations of the smooth
"phony" tout shark. On Wednesday last
at the Fair Grounds two ladies were caught
napping. They entrusted a winning ticket
calling for \$12 to a man who sat near them
with a woman. He never returned with
the cash. They acted promptly. After a
time the woman escorted by the regular
followed her expecting to nab the man
when he came back. The man was her
as closely as did Mary's little lamb.



COLORED SOCIETY AT THE RACES.

Wherever she went they were sure to go,
and the trio returned to the grand stand.
After the last race they followed her out of
the grounds and onto a street car. The
final result of the chase could not be
learned.

But it is at the South Side track that the



GIVING HER A STRAIGHT TIP.

to 1. When they make a winning on a long-
shot there is much rejoicing.
This contingent of ladies of the
middle class mostly, the wives of clerks and
mechanics, the saleswomen of a hotel
and others with little money to lose,
who tempt fortune at occasional intervals.
They know nothing about horses, and are as
apt to be attracted by a name which takes
their fancy, as by the straight tip ob-
tainable.

While the race is being run they are all
excited. They stand on their chairs,
their hands closing and jerking convulsively,
they call on their horses to "come on, and
day and others with little money to lose,
who tempt fortune at occasional intervals.
They know nothing about horses, and are as
apt to be attracted by a name which takes
their fancy, as by the straight tip ob-
tainable.

PARLOR DISPATCH FOUR END OF SEASON SALE

We begin TO-MORROW, with the opening of our doors at 8 o'clock, a PRE-INVENTORY STOCK-REDUCING SALE, which we have christened "End of Season Sale," to distinguish it from all other sales. Fully realizing that to be what the name implies, it must OVERSHADOW in point of value not only the sales of numerous competitors, but our own herculean efforts of the past, which have made for us a national reputation as ST. LOUIS' GREATEST TIME-PAYMENT HOUSE. How well we have succeeded you can judge from this list of price quotations, but you will not fully realize the magnitude of this sale unless you attend.

Solid Oak Folding Beds, worth \$22.00, End of Season Price, **\$11.00.**

Upright Solid Oak Folding Beds, 18x40 Mirror, worth \$35.00, End of Season Price, **\$17.50.**

Folding Bed, a beauty, fully worth \$45.00, End of Season Price, **\$22.00.**

All Goods Advertised During our "End of Season Sale" Will be included in our Long Time, Easy Payment Terms.

Overstuffed Parlor Suits, five pieces, strongly made, worth \$50.00, End of Season price, **\$25.00.**

We will offer A SPECIAL SUIT, which will make a beauty for any parlor, worth \$40.00, End of Season Price, **\$18.00.**

REMNANTS IN MATTING, 1 and 2 yards, worth 10c to 50c per yd., End of Season Price, yard **2c.**

Refrigerators, full size, solid oak, guaranteed best made, worth \$9, End of Season Price, **\$4.49.**

Quick Meal Gasoline Stoves. We guarantee to save you \$3.00 on every one purchased.

REMNANTS IN MATTING, 3 to 10 yards, worth 10c to 50c per yd., End of Season Price, yard **4c.**

Brussels Carpets. Worth 75c per yard. End of Season Price, **47c.**

Worth \$1.00 per yard. End of Season Price, **60c.**

Worth \$1.25 per yard. End of Season Price, **69c.**

Worth \$1.50 per yard. End of Season Price, **78c.**

Remnants in Brussels Carpets. 1 to 12 yards, worth \$1 per yard, End of Season Price, yd. **20c.**

Ingrain Carpets. End of Season Price, **75c.**

Worth 75c per yard. End of Season Price, **43c.**

Worth 80c per yard. End of Season Price, **35c.**

Worth 50c per yard. End of Season Price, **22c.**

Remnants in Ingrain Carpets. These lengths are 1 and 2 yards, End of Season Price, yard **9c.**

Large size Baby Buggy, lace covered, worth \$8, End of Season Price, **\$3.99.**

Sideboards, solid oak, best mirror, worth \$18, End of Season Price, **\$8.75.**

End of Season Bargains

Bedroom Sets, worth \$35, End of Season Price, **\$17 50**

Bedroom Sets, worth \$25, End of Season Price, **\$12 50**

Bedroom Sets, worth \$20, End of Season Price, **\$9 90**

Bedsteads, worth \$8, End of Season Price, **\$4 00**

Bedsteads, worth \$5, End of Season Price, **\$2 50**

Bedsteads, worth \$2, End of Season Price, **99c.**

Wardrobes, worth \$18, End of Season Price, **\$12 00**

Wardrobes, worth \$10, End of Season Price, **\$6 00**

Pictures, worth \$1.50, End of Season Price, **49c.**

Pictures, worth \$2, End of Season Price, **55c.**

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Pictures, worth \$2, End of Season Price, **55c.**

EASY PAYMENTS. S. E. Cor. Eleventh and Olive Streets. EASY PAYMENTS.

BUGS IN SONG AND FOLK LORE.

Quaint Beliefs and Superstitions
Concerning Familiar Insects.

Written for the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

As a matter of fact, in all ages insects have played their part in the superstitions and folk lore of the people.

Every nation has its poetry, its sayings, and its beliefs regarding the insect world, and even in Bible history the locusts showed their wonderful instinct or wisdom in the case of King Pharaoh's corn. They are also mentioned in various other parts of the good book.

The fact that the depredatory locust, or more properly speaking, grasshopper of Egypt, is transformed into a very good quality of soup is known. It is not, however, generally known that in the far South-
western countries of both hemispheres the large fat grubs of many beetles are esteemed epicurean delicacies, and that one species of the Colorado beetle, which is very fat, is made into a very palatable (albeit) butter.

A superstition familiar to any one who has ever lived in the country is that the common "Grand Daddy Long Legs" when held in the hand will point when asked to do so in the direction of a lost cow.

The white spots in the back of certain wood ticks are said to be the spots where Noah stuck a pin through his two "speck-noses" to keep them from troubling him in his forty-day journey in the ark.

In America it is said if you kill a spider that is crawling upon you, you destroy the pest that is waiting for you.

It is believed in some savage countries that the first man and woman were created by a big black spider. The spirit of Cardinal Wolsey and his retinue is said to have haunted Hampton Court in the bodies of large and hideous spiders.

The cobweb of the common spider will relieve the pain of gout.

"Come on, Bert!" shouted a parvenu, ap-
proximate-looking woman as the jockey on Ex-
tra rounded into the stretch on the last turn
on Wednesday night. "Come on, Bert!" she
repeated as she snapped her fingers at a
"coon" would in a game of craps.

"Come on, Bert!" she shouted again, and
gained on him a groan escaped her and
tears of despair came into her eyes. But
she almost won an extra sport near the
wire hope revived.

"Come on, Bert!" she fairly screamed,
her breast heaving with excitement, and as
Bert came in a winner she nearly col-
lapsed. The reason was that she had bet
on the "come on" and she almost won.

What might have been the result if Bert
"had not come on" at the finish is purely
a matter of conjecture, but it evidently
meant much to her.

Whether in the grand stand or the Club
members' enclosure at the Fair Grounds
at the South Side night track, it is evi-
dent that the betting fever has fast hold
on a woman, rich and poor, virtuous and
vice versa, to an extent not realized
until now.

unite when a lady bird lights on the hand
of a young girl. She lets it creep and says,
"He measures me for wedding gloves." She
is particular to notice the direction of its
flight, for thence will come her sweetheart
some day. To this day's pastoral refers.
In the country regions the children are
taught to avoid injury the lady bird for
fear of bringing on bad weather. The fol-
lowing couplet is common:

"Lady May
Bring good weather every day."
Another very common couplet is:
"Lady Bird, Lady Bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will
burn."

In the northern part of South America a
species of lady bug is worn extensively as
jewels and ornaments.

The lady bug is considered a sovereign
remedy for colic and toothaches in many
parts of the country. When mashed and
put into a hollow tooth, report says, the
pain disappears instantly.

The beetles belonging to the family Elat-
eridae are variously called "Spring Beetles,"
"Skip Jacks" and "Blacksmiths." From a
peculiar power they have of turning from
their backs with a sharp snap of their
heads, if a blacksmith enters your house
there will be a quarrel which may end in
blows.

If a glow worm crosses your path you
will have the best of luck, but if one crawls
under your foot, or if you step on it, you
will die. The same superstition applies to
lightning bugs. If one lights on your person
it is a good omen, but for one to fly into
your house means dire disaster.

The vulgar opinion is that the common
earwig spends its days trying to get into the
ear cavity and that when it causes great
injury to that organ. The ear wig is, how-
ever, a perfectly harmless insect. Pos-
sibly lard or butter would do as well if
rubbed in as hard.

Curious instances have been known in
the old countries of peasants who have had
living insects in their stomachs. This has
been accounted for by the fact that the com-
mon belief was that if a quantity of water were
drunk daily, mixed with clay taken from the
grave of some recently deceased good person,
as a priest, for instance, the drinker would
be forever secure from disease of certain
kinds. That the presence of the live insects in
the stomach arose from this cause is given
credit by the fact that they were found to be
in every instance "churchyard beetles."
(Blaps mortuaria).

The Indians of Jamaica drink the ashes of
the common cockroach as a physic. In this
country the Indians bruise and mix them
with sugar and apply them to ulcers and
cancers.

It is invariably the cockroach is said to
be a sure cure for worms in children. Among
the ignorant it is very common in order to
rid a house of roaches to address a letter to
them reading as follows: "Oh, roaches, de-
part from my neighbors, for thou hast troubled
me enough." This letter, to be efficacious,
must be sealed and left where they mostly
congregate. In Belgium it is said that if a
cock fly against you, severe illness and
perhaps death will soon follow.

The soothsayer or praying mantis is a
strange looking insect that inhabits the
leaves of trees, sitting usually with its fore
feet in a position to lead the observer to
think it is looked upon with the greatest
amount of reverence in all parts of the
East. This letter, to be efficacious, must
be sealed and left where they mostly con-
gregate. In Belgium it is said that if a
cock fly against you, severe illness and
perhaps death will soon follow.

sects on its hand, it will point out the way
home. The Hottentots reverse the mantid's
and if one should light upon the person of
one of their number that lucky individual
becomes at once a prophet. If the mantis
enters a house, sleep is sacrificed to it
to good use. They put two of the males in
a pit together, where they fight ferociously
until one or other is killed. This diver-
sion is also common among country boys
in the United States.

Other superstitions in this country are
that when a mantis kneels he hears an
angel when he alights on your hand you
are about to meet a distinguished person;
if it alights on your head you will be
crowned with a great honor.

Gilbert White, the naturalist, says of
crickets: "They are the housewife's barom-
eter, foretelling her when it will rain, and
are prognosticators, she thinks, of ill or
good luck, of the death of a near relation
or the approach of an absent lover. To it
crickets forsake a house a coming death
is predicted. Of the cricket Cowper says:
"Where'er he goes he brings a shroud."
"Always harbinger of good."
In France live crickets are an article of
commerce, it being believed that their mu-
sic brings sleep.

The Digger Indians had a way of sur-
rounding a pit of ground, in the center of
which they had dug a large hole, and with
brushes beating the bushes until the grass-
hoppers went into the pit. They would then
gather them up and roast them, afterwards
eating them with immense relish.

"Skip Jack, skip Jack, skip Jack, skip Jack,
Repeat this couplet to them:
"Spit, spit tobacco, spit,
and I'll let you go."
The insect always spits as ordered and
his saliva is considered a sure cure for
warts.

The Bushmen of South Africa also esteem
them as great delicacies. Pringle's "Song
of the Wild Bushman" has led to lines
about the insect, which are said to be lines
of the old men or women as an extra choice
meal. When the Hottentots become re-
duced to the last extremity, they eat the
pupa of the white ant. As many as a
bushel of the little white eggs can be found
in some places, and they are said to be won-
derfully fattening.

May flies (ephemerids) are used in for-
sign counts as a fertilizer by farmers
who live near the streams from which they
rise in countless numbers during July and
August.

Dragon flies, commonly called "devil's
darning needles" and "snake doctors,"
though in every respect harmless to man-
kind, are looked upon with the greatest hor-
ror by the uneducated, and even by those
who should know better.

Ladies are particularly afraid of them.
It is said by the superstitious that if a
dragon fly be killed there will soon be a
death in the family of the killer. It is the
habit of the ant family to move the pupae
or eggs from place to place. These eggs

are of a pure white color and were mistaken
by these writers for grains of corn which
the first wasp of the season has taken up.
Prior refers to this habit in this way:
"Tell me why the ant,
In summer, plenty thinks of winter's
wants.
By constant journey, careful to prepare
Her stores, and bringing home the corny
ear.
By what instruction does she bite the
least, hid in earth, and taking root again,
The last of the season, when the corn is
dead?
The "bitting of the grain" that she refers to
is the opening of the egg by the worker
in order to permit the young to emerge.
Ants are included in the menu of many half
civilized nations. They are used in Sweden
when they are very young, and are always
given to a child as a reward. They also furnish
an acid, called "Formic," which is said to
cure the same disease as acetic acid.
The acid is obtained by distillation.
Various medicinal purposes are ascribed
among country people to the ant tribe.

About wasps and bees there are many su-
perstitions. If a wasp stings you, your
foes will get the advantage of you. If the
first wasp of the season be seen in your
house you will make an unpleasant ac-
quaintance. If, on the other hand, the in-
sect visitor be a bee, your newly formed
acquaintance will be a pleasant one.

Bees, particularly honey bees, have always
been considered by the ancients as forerunners of fortune.
It is said of Pindar, the Greek poet, that
when he fell asleep he dreamed of bees, and
deposited their honey on his lips and from
that day on he wrote poems. A very an-
cient superstition is that bees are the sense
of smell they are enabled to discover
an unchaste woman whom they punish by
stinging. A hive of bees must not, like
knives or sharp instruments, be given away,
but must be sold, otherwise bad luck comes
to both giver and receiver. It is commonly
believed that if bees come to a house it por-
tends good luck, and if they desert, it means
bad luck. The old practice of beating tin
pans and making a great noise to swarm or
settle bees is well known. An old English
proverb concerning the swarming of bees is:
"A swarm of bees in May,
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in June,
Is worth a silver shoon;
A swarm of bees in July,
Is not worth a fly."

In some countries the caterpillars of
beetles and the butterflies themselves
are eaten. Their bodies abound in oil and
are said to taste like nuts. It is said that
the scales or dust cast from the wings of
the death's head moth in flying through
the air is productive of blindness in the
occupants of the room.

The cicada, commonly called the "seven-
teen-year locust," has many superstitions
surrounding it. It is considered a very hap-
py omen, and is said to be a person of one
explained by an old Greek poet of humor-
ous proclivities as follows:
"Happy the cicada lives,
Since they all have voiceless wives!"

The hated bedbug, according to the
superstitions, is a neutralizer for the venom
of snakes. When crushed with milk they
are said to taste like nuts. It is said that
with honey and oil of rose they will cure
eczema. When wrapped in russet-colored
cloth and placed on the person of one suf-
fering from fever they will prevent its
recurrence. They are also, when taken in-
wardly, a sure cure for ague. RELEASED.

Only \$5 to Memphis and return, including
meals and berth on the Anchor Line steamer.

The Summer Resorts



HIS YACHT WON THE FIRST PRIZE.

Victory for Wallace Simmons' "Gladys" at Oconomowoc.

JUDGES' BLUNDER CORRECTED

A Close Race Admirably Sailed—News From Many Other Resorts—St. Louisans East, West and North.

Special Correspondence Sunday Post-Dispatch.
OCONOMOWOC, Wis., July 12.—The blunder of declaring Wallace D. Simmons' motor yacht Gladys, which was sailed by George W. Simmons of St. Louis, winner of second prize in her class, instead of first prize, was the result of a mathematical error of one minute in figuring time allowances. She won first prize by 23 seconds actual and by 254 seconds corrected time. She was admirably sailed. As between the Gladys and three other yachts of her class the differences in time in the race of ten miles were only a matter of seconds. Both the owner and master pro tem of the victorious yacht are sons of E. C. Simmons, here often called "the St. Louis hardware king." John H. Sturgis of St. Joseph, Mo., is among the recently arrived at Draper Hall. The new granite and redwood summer "cottage" of David B. Gould of St. Louis on the east side of Lac la Poudre, is externally admirable as seen from either street or lake, the latter view being the one presented in the accompanying cut. The unfinished work on the street front, up which is already climbing to ornament the top.

John W. Kaufman of St. Louis, who is a guest of E. C. Simmons, can truthfully recount to St. Louis friends the details of his wonderful success as a fisherman among these lakes, Lake Okauke being the one which has added most laurels to his name and fish to his string.

Mr. and Mrs. David Stern, Elvin Stern and Miss Mary Fasham of Quincy, Ill., are at the Hotel Chicago.

Mrs. Wesley of St. Joseph, Mo., is the guest of Mrs. Milton Tootle of the same place.

C. A. Logeman and family of St. Louis are at Draper Hall.

St. Louis ladies enjoy an advantage over those from Chicago and Milwaukee, whose male escorts often forsake them for business from Monday until Saturday. Every day is full of gayety, but Sunday is wholly devoted to worship.

Moonlight on the wheel is decidedly popular among the resort ladies and St. Louis has its full proportion of graceful riders. Several car loads of tents and other material for the great amateur circus, horse show and cavalry display of August 9 and 10 are already here and a 100-foot practice tent is up. Nearly all of the St. Louis cottagers are among the financial contributors of the undertaking.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Warner of St. Louis recently arrived at the Hotel Chicago.

Harry G. Brookings and Capt. John A. Boudier have fished together this week in the southern lakes of the group—Forty lakes within a radius of seven miles, and all offer good fishing.

St. Louis ladies enjoyed a morning progressive euchre party Thursday at Draper Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Field of Des Moines, Ia., are guests at the summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Peck.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Oliver of Texas and R. J.

Martin of New Orleans are registered at the Hotel Chicago; as also are Mrs. E. A. Well, Miss Hattie Well, Miss Janet Well and Miss Rita Well of Savannah, Ga.

Milton Tootle of St. Joseph, Mo., and other owners of four-in-hand turnouts are arranging for a street display in the near future on even a larger scale than that of last season, which proved to be an unexpectedly large social event.

Otto Mersman of St. Louis has just received an elegant three-horse spike turnout. His horses are sorrels. Two and three-horse tandems to various vehicles are common enough, but Wm. Marks of Dayton, O., presents a novelty on our streets by displaying a Percheron and driving two milk white Normans tandem.

Milton Tootle of St. Joseph is Secretary and Treasurer of the Summer Club, which is the principal social organization here, including, as it does, all of the prominent summer people in the lake region.

An Asbury Park Wink.
The pretty girl winked at the drug store clerk. And he thought: "What a maah I've made." But he changed his mind when she sweetly "Put a stick in that lemonade."

AT NARRAGANSETT PIER.

St. Louisans Have the Cycling and Golf Fever at Its Fiercest.

Special Correspondence Sunday Post-Dispatch.
NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I., July 12.—St. Louis is better represented, numerically speaking, than it has been in any previous season. The Pier received a substantial boom with the people of the South last year, when Mrs. Jefferson Davis came here for her second season. Up to '94 the Davis party had lived in quiet retirement, or occupying St. Elmo cottage, but last season the party went to the Rockingham and set the pace for the Southern society people, since when the Rockingham has been substantially the best patronized house at the Pier.

Continued bad weather—weather wet, weather foggy and weather demoralizing to the cycling craze is that the stable-keepers are demoralized and are obliged to see their horses remain in the stall, while the country roads are bristling with wheels. Mrs. Siegert has also led the contingent into the realm and fields of golf, and all have become members of the South County Club. This is the swaggar club of the Atlantic coast east of New York, and is made up of the very swell sets of New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore. The golf links are situated on the grounds of this club, which are near Point Judith, and when St. Louis isn't astride the wheel it is upon the golf field, so that St. Louis may confidently expect to see a special carload of wheels and golf sticks when the Pier season is over.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis' party was augmented this week by the arrival of her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Hayes, the two Misses Hayes and Master Jefferson V. Davis of Colorado Springs.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Special Correspondence Sunday Post-Dispatch.
SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., July 10.—Some have said that Gen. Grant discovered the Thousand Islands. Certain it is that the American people have discovered the beauties of the Adirondack wilderness. A few years ago Gotham supplied ninety-nine one-hundredths of the patrons of Adirondack houses, but this is true no longer. The great West sends a large contingent and the metropolis of Missouri not a few delegates to this land of health and pleasure.

This is an exceptionally early season and the crowds at the forty-odd houses throughout the woods are already large. Social events, outdoors and in, tennis tournaments, ball games and hunting, fishing and coaching excursions jostle each other.

Miss M. A. Garron and Miss Helen Garron, pretty girls and sisters from St. Louis, are guests of the Chazy Lake House.

At Loon Lake, where President and Mrs. Harrison enjoyed three summers ago, we find St. Louis represented by Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Seaman, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Langley and Mrs. Dr. Gardner, Congressman and Mrs. Quigg and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Daniels of Humboldt are arrivals at the Hotel Champlain.

Late arrivals at the Adirondack Hotel of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Venech, Jr., Miss V. M. French and Miss Julia Berry, all sojourning at the Stevens House, Lake Placid.

Dr. A. B. White of St. Louis is a popular guest at the Adirondack Hotel. His sister, Miss Grace White, who has for several years lived in Philadelphia, is with him.

At Saratoga.
Bride: "I wonder from what depth this sulphur spring comes."
Bridgroom: "Clean from Hades, judging from the smell."

AT NEW LONDON, CONN.

Special Correspondence Sunday Post-Dispatch.
NEW LONDON, Conn., July 10.—The St. Louisians in the Pequot colony are Mr. and Mrs. L. Vaughn Clarke, who are pleasantly located in the "Villa West" cottage; Mrs. L. C. Kittson and family, H. A. Seagrist and family, Mrs. John Grogan, Mrs. A. Frederick de Frouille, Miss Rachel Bright Hildeman, Miss Marie Bright Hildeman.

Mr. L. Vaughn Clarke is one of the most prominent summer residents in the colony and is a leading member in the Pequot Casino Association. He is a thorough yachtsman and spends considerable time cruising about the waters of Long Island Sound on his yacht, the Goscon.

Inconsistency at Coney's Isle.
Manager: "What's the row down there?"
Freaks: "My India rubber man went out in the rain and got wet through."

AT SOMERVILLE SPRINGS.

Special Correspondence Sunday Post-Dispatch.
ST. CLAIR, Mich., July 12.—At a progressive euchre party given by Miss Mary Eaton of St. Louis at the Somerville Springs resort the past week St. Louis guests demonstrated

spending the summer here, is a belle of the South.

At Sag Harbor.
Marlo: "The Count is a philosopher; he takes things as they come."
Maples: "I thought I recognized my new overcoat on him last night."

AT EXCELSIOR SPRINGS.

Special Correspondence Sunday Post-Dispatch.
EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, Mo., July 12.—The following St. Louis people were at the Excelsior Springs resort during the past week: A. K. Hickney, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Brown, W. R. Townley, R. A. Alexander, Alfred Schults, H. G. Klesher, P. H. Kreismann and A. H. Kaustner.

At Setauket.
Boggs: "Who is that chap filling himself up on terrapin and champagne?"
Foggs: "That the author of 'How to Live on 16 a Month'—that is, if you are fool enough to try it."

ON MACKINAC ISLAND.

Special Correspondence Sunday Post-Dispatch.
MACKINAC ISLAND, Mich., July 12.—Mackinac Island has not yet quite assumed its July aspect, but the Grand and other large hotels present a lively and interesting appearance. The cottages, too, are filling up rapidly, and the sights along the avenue on these bright afternoons are calculated to send a thrill of joy to the heart of the beholder.

Among the late arrivals on the island are Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Edwards and family, S. M. Fields and wife, Chas. Heywood and wife, O. Wetzel of St. Louis.

At Bay Shore.
Mrs. Mills: "Were you ever exposed to any great cold?"
Mr. Dills: "Only once."
Mrs. Mills: "And that was?"
Mr. Dills: "When I sat in a Long Island railway car next to a man who was a small-pox case."
Mrs. Mills: "No; worse. He was reading 'Tribune'."

AT CAPE MAY.

Special Correspondence Sunday Post-Dispatch.
CAPE MAY, N. J., July 12.—Summer pleasures are as delightful here as can be found at any pleasure or seaside resort. These pleasures are being enjoyed by large numbers of visitors, by more than have visited Cape May at this season of the year before. It was an old saying among local men here that if the resort filled by the 15th of July they would make a season of it. That prophecy is at its best now, because the houses are filling rapidly.

J. D. McGuire of St. Louis is stopping at the Stockton.

T. G. Wilson, a wealthy tobaccoist of Louisville, and daughter, Miss Mattie Belle, are here for the summer.

Miss Thatcher of Topeka, Kan., who is

AT BAY STATE RESORTS.

Mrs. J. Mickle and daughters of St. Louis are at the Pigeon Cove House on Cape Ann.

At the Oceanide Hotel, Magnolia, are Mrs. R. L. Davis, Miss Mamie Davis and R. T. Davis of St. Joseph.

Mr. R. H. W. Morton of St. Louis is a late arrival at the Oceanide Hotel, Magnolia.

Angelo Fuller of St. Louis is registered at the Venning villa, Nantasket. John A. St. John of St. Louis, who is at Nantasket for the summer, brought with him a fine pair of horses and attracts a good deal of notice on the drives.

Mrs. C. C. Sumner of St. Louis is at the Oceanide, Magnolia.

Mrs. J. M. Peabody and Miss Peabody of St. Louis have arrived at Beachcroft, Eastern Point, for the season.

O. H. Emmett of Kansas City has leased a cottage at Martha's vineyard for the summer.

In Marlboro J. D. Ellsworth of McComb City is enjoying himself.

UP IN THE GRANITE HILLS.
Charles Shapleigh of St. Louis has arrived at Rye. His granddaughter, a noted belle, is with him.

Dr. Shapleigh, a brother of Charles Shapleigh, and family, are at Locke's, Rye Beach.

Judge Samuel S. Treat of St. Louis has engaged rooms at the Oceanic, Isle of Shoals.

One of the best lady bicyclists at Rye Beach is Miss Nelson of St. Louis, and her costume is a striking one. It is of a purplish shade of blue, with a short skirt and a long coat that fits superbly at the waist with one button. Her gaiters are of a tan color, with shoes to match, and her cap a blue Tam O'Shanter with a quill.

William D'Oench and family and Miss Julia Berry of Jefferson City are at Maplewood Cottage, Bethlehem.

Late arrivals from St. Louis at the Wentworth, Newcastle, include Miss Finley and G. H. Steedman.

O. R. Keith and family of St. Louis have arrived at the Farragut, Rye Beach, for the season. Miss Alice Keith was one of Rye's belles last summer.

Prof. Marshall S. Snow, Chancellor of the Washington University, St. Louis, and Mrs. Snow are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gilman R. Hoyt at Exeter.

AT OTHER RESORTS.
Courtney H. West and A. W. Niedringhaus of St. Louis have been spending some

AT CLAYTON, N. Y.

Special Correspondence Sunday Post-Dispatch.
CLAYTON, N. Y., July 12.—Recent arrivals from St. Louis: Mr. and Mrs. Koch, O. N. Marston, John Gordon, W. T. Wolfe, J. B. Candy, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Gage, E. C. Green, D. S. Hamlin.

J. B. Kahlor and Mrs. George F. Tower and children of St. Louis. They will remain some time.

On the Great South Bay.
Agnes: "You are the only man I ever loved."
Willis: "But you have been engaged nine times."
Agnes: "Yes."
Willis: "What were the others?"
Agnes: "Fishes."

AT JAMESTOWN, R. I.

Special Correspondence of the Post-Dispatch.
JAMESTOWN, R. I., July 12.—Of late there has been such a gathering of St. Louisians here that it might be suggested that Jamestown be called "St. Louis on the Narragansett."

There is one good quality of our St. Louis people aside from their other good points and that is they are good land buyers.

The family of Dr. J. B. Johnson are now moving into a large cottage just finished for them, which is beautifully situated upon the shore of the bay and which is so large and commodious as to be mistaken for a hotel.

The family who are very popular here, are not entertaining this year, being in mourning over the loss of one of their number who died the past spring.

Mr. Ephron Catlin and family of Vandeventer place are at their cottage on Friendship street. They have now been coming for several seasons, at first stopping at the Prospect House, Mr. Catlin is now the owner of some valuable property here, although a member of the Jamestown Club and also the Yacht Club, he is seldom seen at either place, spending most of his time at his home, beautifying his place, and amusing his children.

Mr. A. N. Niedringhaus and his family occupy one of the prettiest summer cottages on the island. In front of his house is a beautiful green lawn extending nearly to the water's edge, covered with shrubs and bushes.

Mr. J. V. Carton, with his family, are at the Bay View. He and Mr. Ferris, his brother-in-law, purchased last fall this lot on the shore and will build summer cottages soon. In fact Mr. Carton is arranging to erect his immediately, while Mr. Ferris will come on in October and supervise the erection of his. Their cottages will be beautifully located on the shore and near Dr. Johnson's.

St. Louis people at the Thorndike: Mary Warren, Katie Moser, Mrs. L. H. Peterson, Robert Peterson, Henry Peterson, Anna Peterson.

Gardner House: A. N. Niedringhaus and wife, Courtney and Mrs. West, Miss Lint Niedringhaus, Miss Jeanette Niedringhaus, Miss Maude Niedringhaus, take the meals here. N. S. Miltenberger, Mrs. J. B. Johnson, Miss Kathryn Johnson, Miss Octavia Johnson, W. D. Waters and wife, Mrs. J. F. Potter, Miss Eva Waters, nurse and maid.

Bay View: Mrs. F. G. Zeibig and children, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Carton, nurse and child; Mrs. E. F. Wickham, Miss Emily Francis and Nellie Wickham; Miss Frieder Maity, Mrs. A. F. King, Mrs. M. J. Swerling and maid.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Scott are receiving congratulations on the birth of a baby girl. Mr. Scott is here this summer for the first time and is occupying the Emmons Cottage No. 2. The daughter has been named a good old Primmer name—Anne Warburton.

PRIMER LESSON.

See the girl? See how low and sad she looks. See how she watch-es the sea waves. How de-spair-ing is her glance. Has the fresh-or-us sea robbed her of some loved one? Why then, is her face so full of horror and de-spair?



She has just dis-covered the meaning of a sea-side re-sort. Among the guests who registered at the Spring House during the week were Mrs. Olin Ford and

TROLLING FOR BLUE FISH OFF FIRE ISLAND LIGHT.

AT GRANT FORK.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
GRANT FORK, Ill., July 11.—Among the guests at the Diamond Mineral Springs at Grant Fork, Ill., are Mr. Chas. Becker, Miss Josie Ludwig, J. Kling, Miss Carrie Kling, Mr. H. C. Stiefel, Mrs. C. Stiefel, Florence and Arnold Stiefel, Mrs. A. Bartling and Miss C. Bartling.

Mollie Morand, Mrs. C. Engleke, Mrs. A. Scholten, Dr. Charles Ludwig, Mrs. Ludwig, Mr. Charles Leppner, Mrs. Leppel, Miss Lillian Leppel, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Schulte of St. Louis; Mr. Charles Buenger and wife of Edwardsville; Miss Selma Miller, Highland, Ill.

At Hempstead.
Willis: "So Miss Budd was sold to a foreign nobleman, eh?"
Stax: "No; it was the nobleman who was sold. Her fortune proved a myth."

AT LONG BRANCH.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
LONG BRANCH, N. J., July 12.—This resort is truly the summer home of the Westerner. While the season is hardly under way yet the register at every hotel along the coast bears the name of some representative Westerner.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. McHenry, well-known St. Louisans, are enjoying a season of quiet rest at the United States Hotel.

Mrs. A. S. Whitaker of Denver, Colo., accompanied by her charming daughter, Miss Gertrude, is a guest at the Brighton.

S. Reader of Denver, Colo., is a late arrival.

Gov. McKinley of Ohio is expected at the Elberon Hotel for a short season some time this month.

AT SHALIER ISLAND.

Masson: "Did you save that woman from drowning?"
Dillon: "Yes; it was Mrs. Bosting."
Masson: "Married, eh? Good heavens! what a narrow escape for you."

AT ST. CLAIR SPRINGS.

ST. CLAIR, Mich., July 12.—St. Louis guests arriving at the Oakland, St. Clair Springs, are: Mrs. R. W. Clark and daughter, R. W. Clark, Jr., Mrs. Belknap and Miss Belknap.

At the Somerville Springs resort, St. Louis dog day idlers who have arrived this week to loaf their souls away are: Miss Eaton, Mrs. George K. Eaton, Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Moses, Mrs. Mary Herburn, Mrs. Clara Evans, Miss Helen Carmichael, Mrs. Donaldson, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Durkee, Harry H. and Charles H. Langbehn.

Lake George Diplomacy.
Bilson: "Madder, will you be my dear Madge?"
Madge: "How many have you now?"
Bilson: "Four."
Madge: "Too few. I don't propose break in green material so early!"
Bilson: "Come back in September and you have won my spurs."

AT PHANTOM LAKE, WIS.

Special Correspondence Sunday Post-Dispatch.
PHANTOM LAKE, Wis., July 12.—The warm weather of last week brought many new guests to this most delightful and exclusive resort.

Those who came presumably to spend the Fourth are still lingering in the comforts and pleasures of this charming inn.

Horaceback riding, bicycling—which is in constantly increasing favor with the ladies—fishing, boating, bathing, tennis, etc., are fully indulged in by the guests, and the frequent hops are also enjoyed by all.

This is a favorite spot for St. Louis people. Among those already located here for the season are Mrs. George McGraw and her family, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Greely, father of Mrs. Tredway, arrive today. Mr. Charles Aldrich and family are expected later in the month and are in August and September, as the hotel will not close till Oct. 1.

An Exaggeration.
Franklin (postling): "Oh, that newspaper article exaggerated my picture terribly."
Anahaila: "What respect, my dear? Prettily? Why, just look at that bathing suit."

AT RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y.

Special Correspondence Sunday Post-Dispatch.
RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y., July 12.—Among the guests who registered at the Spring House during the week were Mrs.



MR. DAVID B. GOULD'S SUMMER HOME ON LAC LA BELLE, OCONOMOWOC.

HOW A MAN'S CHARACTER IS SHOWN BY THE WAY HE WEARS HIS HAIR.



BUSINESS MAN.

BARKEEPER.

PUGILIST.

DUDE.

ANARCHIST.

FIRST NIGHTER.

POET.

FOOT-BALL PLAYER.

A COPPERHEAD IN EACH HAND.

Snake-Hunter O'Reilly Writes of a Daring Capture.

Written for the Sunday Post-Dispatch.
Of all the snake hunters in which I have been engaged, the capture of a pair of copperheads in New York State was probably the most exciting and dangerous. Having been unsuccessful in my search in other localities, I at last determined to try my luck in Cold Spring-on-the-Hudson, for I had heard that there they were very abundant. One companion from New York accompanied me on my hunt.

About a mile from Cold Spring is the Emerson House, at Nelsonville, and beyond this for another mile the road is lined with woods until it is broken again by a low-lying field covered on the upper part by grass and on the lower-lying places by rank weeds and swamp grass as high as one's waist. Through the middle of this field runs a lane, closely shaded on both sides by thickets of leafy alders. For manifest reasons this piece of ground is called the Copperhead Field. As we entered at the gate we found one dead. But trap as we might, through weeds and grass to the waist, we nowhere could meet with a snake, though our nervous trepidation may be imagined, for at any moment we might step on one unseen.

Unsuccessful, we returned to the woods, which in the close vicinity of the field are said to be the worst snake-haunted spot

DEATH IN THE SILENT WOODS.

Wanderings of Lost Persons in the Pathless Forests.

Written for the Sunday Post-Dispatch.
The madness which befalls a person lost in the woods most often militates against rescue. Numerous instances are recorded of lost persons wandering past inhabited clearings, crossing well-traveled roads and even crossing rescue parties. This, of course, happens only in the last stages of the madness.

An instance is cited of a Bangor woman who was lost in the woods of Chairback Mountain in Maine. She left a hunting camp alone at daybreak to shoot squirrels. When she did not return in the afternoon, her husband and his guide, thoroughly alarmed, started out to find her. Late that night their shots were answered, and they hurried over the ridge and trailed the reports to a hunting camp more than nine miles from their own. They found the woman, just returning to consciousness, being held by sheer force from running back into the woods.

A guide who knew her had seen the woman while he was fishing in Pleasant River. The woman rushed past him, although he called to her, and kept on at frantic speed. When he realized the situation, he made after her. When he caught up to her, she tried to break away. Her eyes were staring ahead, and she was as those who walk in their sleep. Her face and hands were cut and bleeding, and she staggered at every step, but still she tried to dash on. It was with

DELICACIES FOR MEDICINE.

Palatable Foods for Sore Throat, Colds and Consumption.

Written for the Sunday Post-Dispatch.
Such good, old-fashioned decoctions as sage tea, catnip and herb brews have for years been prescribed for various ills and ailments to which flesh is heir, but palatable dishes of nourishing foods for the cure of coughs, colds and sore throats, as well as consumption, are now said to have acquired quite a vogue among a certain class of physicians. While not wholly new, they are at least a departure from present methods, and this is sufficient to recommend them to many people.

The first recipe is for those who are in delicate health caused by sore throat, and would not be despised by the most fastidious of hungry people, albeit the name is a trifle against its popularity.

Take a young fowl, cut it into small portions and wash thoroughly. Put these into a saucepan containing three quarts of water and add three pounds of very lean, white veal, also two turnips, a carrot and a head of celery chopped finely. Boil all together and skim constantly as the skum rises. After the albumen contained in the meat has been thus carefully removed with the skimmer, add two ounces of prepared Cayenne and mix thoroughly. Boil slowly for an hour and a quarter, then strain through a cloth into an earthen vessel. Keep in a cool place until wanted. This broth is both nutritious and cooling to

MORE FREAKS IN ELECTRICITY.

Catering to a Rich Man's Wants in Almost Everything.

Written for the Sunday Post-Dispatch.
Electricity dominates invention nowadays. A steady stream of new ideas relating to the mysterious fluid is pouring into the Patent Office. Yet this branch of research is only in its infancy. Before long, if progress continues at its present rate, the work of the world will be mainly done by electrical apparatus.

Already electricity contributes enormously to the luxury of the rich. The household establishment of Mr. Gorgius Midas is fairly run by harnessed lightning controlled by switches and automatic regulators. A complete electric plant in the basement furnishes lights and runs an elevator which has no attendant, being perfectly controlled by push-buttons.

Take a young fowl, cut it into small portions and wash thoroughly. Put these into a saucepan containing three quarts of water and add three pounds of very lean, white veal, also two turnips, a carrot and a head of celery chopped finely. Boil all together and skim constantly as the skum rises. After the albumen contained in the meat has been thus carefully removed with the skimmer, add two ounces of prepared Cayenne and mix thoroughly. Boil slowly for an hour and a quarter, then strain through a cloth into an earthen vessel. Keep in a cool place until wanted. This broth is both nutritious and cooling to

A GOOD WORD FOR TOBACCO.

There's No Denying that "the Weed" Has Merits.

Written for the Sunday Post-Dispatch.
Enemies of tobacco have preached against its use and exaggerated its evils ever since it was discovered. Its evils are pretty well understood, even by its slaves, and hardly any man will deny that when excessively used, tobacco, like alcohol, liquor, or coffee, or tea, is a curse.

But used in moderation, used with discretion according to a man's physique, state of nerves and his condition in life, tobacco is admitted by physicians to have positive benefits, one of which, and an important one, being that a good cigar is a help to digestion. Of course none of these remarks applies to cigarettes.

The good effect of tobacco on the teeth is admitted by nearly all dentists. They attribute it to the neutralizing alkali of the smoke and the antiseptic properties of nicotine and pyridine, which destroy the vitality of the microbes in the mouth. Claude Bernard asserts that the presence of prussic acid in the saliva of smokers contributes to the result.

Smoking a pipe cures toothache. Dr. Hepburn affirms that among smokers the decay of teeth is less frequent, and that the mortification of a dental pulp is gradual and long. The carbon from the smoke in settling its deposits in the depressions and cracks of the dental enamel, preserves the ivory from the invades of decay.

ODD USES FOR PAPER.

Horseshoes and Coffins Manufactured From Wood Pulp.

Written for the Sunday Post-Dispatch.
We have had the golden age and the iron age and various other ages, but the present will probably be known as the wooden or paper age. Paper dress material masquerading as silk is the latest invention in the paper line, and threatens to drive the silk-worm out of business. Spruce saw dust, cotton or jute waste and alcohol are put into the machine and come out at the other end shining, delicately colored, rustling silks, suitable for the most fastidious lady's gown. Of course, this paper silk doesn't wear so well as the real fabric, but think how much cheaper it will be!

Enthusiastic paper manufacturers say the new woman and the new man will dine off paper dishes. It is not improbable that the hat of the future will be an indestructible paper affair, impervious to fire and water. Over in Paris any startling milliner will be able to show you stylish bonnets and hats made entirely of paper, frame, trimmings, ornaments and all. Parasols of paper do not seem to have been thought of yet, but sachels and trunks of paper are common enough. The paper trunk, despite its frail sound, is the despair of the baggage smasher. It refuses to smash.

So do paper car wheels. They have been in use for years on some of the most important railroads in this country. It must not be supposed that the wheels are made entirely of paper. This material only forms the interior shell. Having been subjected to terrific pressure, it is moulded and firmly bolted to the outer rim, which is of

CHARACTER IN HAIR-CUTS.

Tell-Tale Mannerisms of Familiar Types of Men.

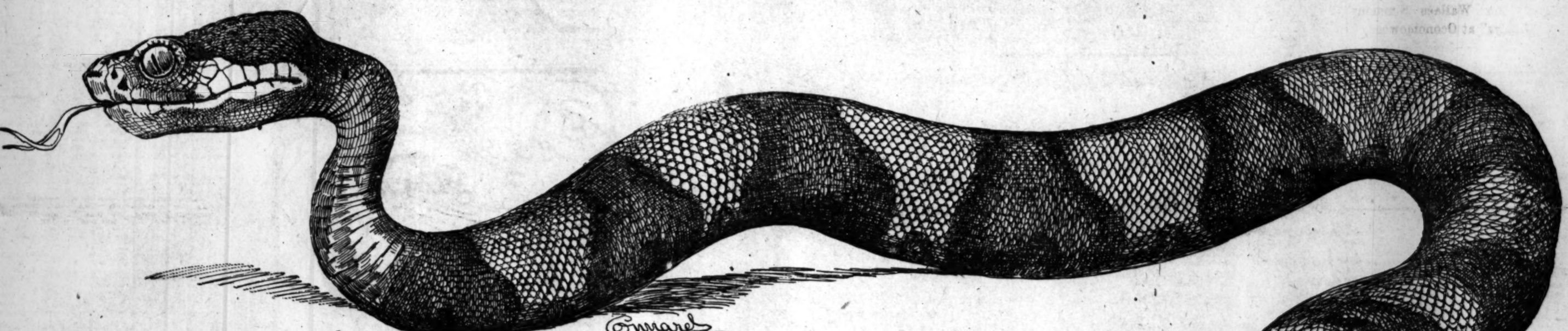
Written for the Sunday Post-Dispatch.
Some deep and subtle philosopher has recently pointed out that a man's hair, or a woman's, is a pretty sure index of character.

Who would not know, for instance, that the arrangement of the hair in the picture of the "dude" is typical of that peculiar species of human being? The hair is parted directly in the middle and gently rounded off over the forehead, in most cases being plastered down with barber's grease so as to give it permanency.

Another picture shows the hair of a man who will surely be taken for an Anarchist. It is intended that it should be. But the student is invited to deliberate before arriving at a conclusion. A fact not to be lost sight of is that this man may have tumbled out of bed just before the artist saw him. There is another picture suggestive of the type of man of whom the hair is characteristic. If you have guessed pugilist you are right. Yet at times the hair of the man whose muscle makes people respect him is so closely cropped as to indicate that the head has been shaven.

There is another type of hairdressing which is the antithesis of the anarchistic. Only the broad shoulders, the chunky built neck, the stalwart frame and the muscle-knotted legs are necessary to betray the giant of the foot-ball field. There is a style of hair affected by actors who are not so far advanced in the profes-

ONE OF THE BIG COPPERHEAD SNAKES CAUGHT BY SNAKE-HUNTER O'REILLY.



In Cold Spring. No hunter will enter unless booted to the knees. I made my cautious way alone into the wooded kingdom of the copperheads. The trees grew thickly together, and the undergrowth was so dense that it was not possible to see more than a few yards in any direction.

Suddenly I came out into a clearing, where a tree had fallen and its branches had usurped all the opening and netted themselves to the branches of the trees round about it. Breaking my way through these and lifting them up on my stick, stooping and peering, I stood, and there lay a copperhead, leather hued, banded with brown, in a coil, and a big coil at that, five feet in front of my nose. The head, lighter in color than the rest, stood up a few inches in the center.

Even as I saw him, out came the yellowish, quivering tongue, feeling the air with its points, which plainly told that he saw me.

In spite of the twinkle in his eyes which held the place in a network, I got forward and shot in my long stick over the head sticking up from the coil and now menacing me.

Down came the stick with a quick push on his neck. He turned and bit it, so I moved it closer to the head; and then, throwing myself forward, stooping, half stumbling, half falling, seized him with my left hand at the back of his jaws and drew him forth from his coil. But before I had drawn him a foot out came another head, herebefore hidden, which dashed at my hand. But this second snake, which to my surprise was in the same coil, didn't succeed in wounding me, thanks to the density of the undergrowth, against which her jaws spent their venom.

Having the smaller one of the two by the neck in my left hand, I now held the stick to my right, to press down the other snake also lest it should attempt to glide off before my companion could come to assist me. But my right hand alone was quite insufficient to press her. The stick, too, was over her middle. She turned and bit it, and then glided out from beneath it, going gradually off out of sight through the weed stalks.

Dropping the stick I lunged myself savagely after her, determined at any risk to get her, for the stick was too long to be managed in such a thicket. She was toward some rocks where a big one leaned slanting over a lesser. In a cavity under the upper and behind the lower one she entered and was rapidly withdrawing her body. I lunged myself forward on my face, and with my right hand I clutched at the last six inches of her tail. There I held her, yelling like mad to my companion to come and help me.

Like a charging buffalo he plunged through the bushes, and I could tell what he felt when he saw me lying there flat on my stomach, my left hand resting on the elbow and holding the copperhead by the neck, the right hand holding another copperhead by the tail, while her head, sticking out at a second opening higher up than the one by which she had entered, was biting and dashing furiously at my face, within less than a foot of my nose.

With the young man's assistance I dropped the first one into the bag and then took my time with the hole by which she had entered. Letting her go, she came as her head appeared, I put my stick across her neck just as I had done with her mate. Without difficulty I got her also into the bag and carried both off in triumph to the Emerson homestead, where we were delighted to be informed that the female of the pair was the largest copperhead but one they had ever seen, being at least a yard in length and two inches in diameter.

G. R. O'REILLY.

great difficulty that he got her to the camp, where first she went into hysterics and then into a fainting fit.

In the Bog River country of the Adirondacks a man who knew something of the woods was lost for two days. He had knelt to drink from a spring, and when he arose his companions were out of sight. For fifteen minutes he hurried on, hoping to overtake them. Then he realized that he was lost. Instead of sitting down and waiting until they retraced their steps and found him, he plunged into the wilderness. All through the night he wandered, and at daybreak the madness came upon him. He remembered nothing more until he found himself, weak and trembling, in camp.

His companions, having missed him, returned to the spring. They tried their rifles in the hope that he would hear the reports, and then came about in circles to find his trail. When they came upon it, in a bit of soft ground, he was heading directly away from their course. They followed him all day, and at nightfall lost his trail on stony ground. The following day they hunted in vain. But on the next morning they chanced upon a tumble-down camp in the woods. On the floor they found the man, unconscious. His tongue was lolling from his mouth, and his face was puffed with the stings of blackflies and mosquito. How he had found the camp they never were able to explain. To this day, the man never refers to his wanderings without a thrill of horror.

In the same country there is an instance recorded of a young New Yorker who left camp to cross to a pond less than a mile away. He carried a compass, and had a well-blazed trail to follow. At the crest of the ridge he shot a deer. The wounded animal ran a few hundred yards into the forest with the young man after it, and then started back to the trail. When he had walked a few rods, he thought he was going wrong, so he turned back. Starting afresh, he became hopelessly befogged.

Then he bethought himself of the compass. When the wavering needle rested, he was sure the instrument was out of order, for the needle pointed a course directly opposite to the one he was sure was right. After talking for an hour without sighting a landmark he knew, he sat down and had another try at the compass. There the terror came again. The needle pointed the same course as before, with his knife, and then ground it to pieces beneath his heel. When he had accomplished this ruin, he threw aside his gun and rushed off through the forest. He was found the next morning, in going the fifteen miles from his camp, in going the fifteen miles, he had probably wandered fifty.

There is more need of judicious camping in the ordinary household, says an eminent physician, "than there is of medicine; half of the ailments of the human race can be corrected by common sense, coupled with the administration of proper food and we are about to enter an era of food culture! Who knows?"

the system, as well as beneficial for all throat diseases.

Here is another dish possessing medicinal qualities for consumptives. It does not sound very appetizing, but those who have tried it are loud in their praises of its remedial powers.

Take two dozen garden snails and the legs of the snails, clean, previously scalded, thoroughly and then bruise them together in a mortar, after which put all in a stew-pan with two finely chopped turnips, a little salt, a quarter of an ounce of bay saffron and three pints of water. Stir until the boiling point is reached, then skim well and set the pan back on the stove to simmer for a half hour, after which strain by pressure through a fairly fine cloth.

Here is a recipe that is in use largely in England among the coast people during the spring and hot season. It is agreeable to the taste and is said to be similar to the recipe used by Queen Victoria.

Cut into very small pieces two pounds of very white veal and pound well with a mallet. Add a pound of butter, a pound of green cherries and again pound all so as to thoroughly bruise the cherries. Put the entire mass into a pot with three pints of water and let it come to a boil, then put it back on the range and let it simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour to extract all the curative properties. Strain carefully. A cloth is the best method, and that adopted in the royal kitchen. A large cupful should be taken by the patient a short time before the regular meal.

This broth will be found most acceptable before breakfast, and is especially prepared for the curative purposes. Biscuits prepared in this manner are said to be of great value.

Put into a sauce pan, agate or porcelain, six medium-sized clams, wash them well and washed of all sand; cover with water. Cover and let boil until all the clams have opened, then take out the shells and boil for one minute, carefully straining; strain and add salt and pepper, add a very little butter and serve piping hot.

This method has the advantage over the method of first opening the clams and then boiling, in that all the restorative properties of the clams as well as the lime in the shells are preserved.

Boil in three quarts of water a young fowl, well cut up, add a little salt and skim well. Wash thoroughly two tablespoonsful of pearl barley and one ounce of marsh-mallow root, well shredded the better to extract the healing qualities, and continue boiling for one hour. This remedy has been thoroughly tested and is highly regarded for its efficaciousness.

For convalescents beef tea affords wonderful nourishment if properly prepared and the proper method is as easy as any other of these instructions be followed:

Carefully prepare two pounds of lean gray beef by removing all fat, sinew or ory nut. Add three pints of water and all come to a boil, skim and place on the side of the stove to simmer for an hour; then strain through a fine napkin that none of the fibres may remain.

There is more need of judicious camping in the ordinary household, says an eminent physician, "than there is of medicine; half of the ailments of the human race can be corrected by common sense, coupled with the administration of proper food and we are about to enter an era of food culture! Who knows?"

electric razor, but that will come in time.

Mr. Midas uses an electric toothbrush for the benefit of his gums, and then, feeling fit for a little exercise, he devotes five minutes to handling a pair of light dumbbells. These are also electrical and give a series of mild shocks to the person employing them. The gentleman is now ready for his breakfast. His coffee is drunk out of a cup which is electrically attached to a little battery beneath the table by hooking it on to the end of a fine wire. His left hand he holds a small electrode that terminates another wire. The act of drinking closes the circuit and the liquid conveys the electricity to the alimentary canal and stomach. This is not excellent for digestion, but it renders more palatable the food.

Having finished breakfast and read the morning papers, Mr. Midas takes his hat and starts downtown for his office. He has a massive gold head and would be a prize for a sneak thief, but it is not his fault. Those of Seville know of an alarm attachment, so as to give instant notice in case a coat or anything else on his person is tampered with. Mr. Midas' wife, who is musically inclined, spends most of the morning in playing on a piano which is so contrived that she receives a series of shocks while manipulating the keys, thus undergoing a treatment for rheumatism incidentally to the performance of her domestic duties. She plays with dolls that are made to dance by electricity.

All this might be considered rather far-fetched, were it not that patents have been taken out for every one of the devices described.

Mr. Midas occasionally has an engagement at his club that keeps him out late. He may decide to have his shoes shined. He drops a nickel into a slot, sits down in a chair and puts his feet upon two supports provided for the purpose. An electric motor actuates the brushes—first a brush that carries blacking supplied from a reservoir, and then polishing brushes. On his way home several hours later, the night being dark, Mr. Midas wishes to know the time. His watch is provided with a very small electric light bulb. In his other waistcoat pocket, connected with the watch by a chain which serves as a conducting wire, is a little battery. An instant's pressure upon a chain that is attached to the chain closes the circuit, ignites the lamp and illuminates the dial.

When Mr. Midas reaches home he has no idea in finding the keyhole. He pushes a button and a light shines through a round hole in the door, illuminating the keyhole. The only noise he hears as he passes his wife's room is that of the baby's cradle, which is being rocked by electricity. He retires to rest and dreams that he is shipwrecked on a desert island, where savages devour themselves by eating him. He awakes himself by a series of shocks while manipulating the keys, thus undergoing a treatment for rheumatism incidentally to the performance of her domestic duties. She plays with dolls that are made to dance by electricity.

The use of smoking tobacco overcomes certain gastric troubles, and makes the digestion of nourishment less urgent. Prandial smoking stimulates torpid digestion. It is perhaps, in view of the fact that it is a stimulant, a cigarette after every meal has been prescribed. The nausea will disappear the day the cigarette is neglected. Dr. Gros has found this method very efficacious in cases of extreme nausea in debilitated women.

The digestive troubles attributed to tobacco more often owe their origin to alcohol than to the tobacco itself. For few inveterate smokers observe an exemplary sobriety.

Tobacco smoke is a sovereign remedy against mosquitoes, fleas and vermin. By its use the working men in the tobacco factories of Lyons were saved from the contagion of typhoid fever, those of Morlaix from cholera, and those of Seville from the epidemic of cholera. It is well-known that physicians about to enter a house where a typhoid or diphtheria patient lies sick will smoke vigorously beforehand, even if they are habitual non-smokers. Tobacco has been successfully used to destroy microbes. The professors and students of anatomy in many countries look upon tobacco as the best preventive for intermittent fevers, and Viscount Limon has even found it up to a certain point.

In the army and navy the benefits derived from tobacco are unquestionable. The soldier finds not only a companion but a nutritive supplement in his pipe, and in many cases it has been known to cure bad cases of homesickness. Authorities have declared that the deprivation of tobacco during a campaign would be as disastrous as a scarcity of provisions. Longmore, a Surgeon-General in the British Army, has written considerable on the salutary effects of tobacco on the wounded. It facilitates sleep and calms nervousness. All the Red Cross societies recognize the virtue of the nicotine herb, and for that reason are abundantly supplied with it. Fumigations of tobacco will take its place with the sailor in enabling him to stand long voyages, the rigors of tempestuous weather and the discomforts of a sea-faring life.

A Big Puzzle.

I've thought it over 'gane and 'gane, But somehow I can't quite make it plain. W'y 't'ings is an odd be? I ain't makin' no complaint, But simply sayin' that I kain't see w'y dis is an 'toddler ain't. For 's'ample, dere's old Jacob Bean; Dere ain't no yearth no man so mean, So orfe me as he. Now, w'y should he have all de cash, 't' possum fat w'ile I eat hash, An' 't' he is as plump as I am? De Lord knows better 'n me, Dere ain't no lump up solid 't'f. He's good as good can be. For 's'ixteen weeks he's been in bed, Wid shakes dat's shook him almos' dead. But w'y don't he get froo my head? De Lord knows better 'n me. Well, I don't bodder 'bout it at all; De Lord knows better 'n me. I couldn't 's'pec to be. So I 't'wambles 'long de way, Hearin' my lories dat 't' day. An' smilin' cause my soul 't' say, De Lord knows better 'n me.

steel. Greater durability and lightness are claimed for these wheels, but to run on paper rails. These are made entirely of paper and are formed in moulds under great pressure. They have been used to some extent in Russia and Germany, and are said to be free from many of the defects of the ordinary steel rail.

Paper horseshoes are another European invention. Among the advantages claimed for them is that they are made of a substance enabling the horse to get a good grip on the smooth pavements. German paper makers have put on the market a substance called "paper sculptor," which is used instead of clay for modelling. It is simply paper pulp kept soft enough to be worked.

Paper mache ceilings and wall decorations are very fashionable. They may look like leather or brocade or a thousand and one handsome embossed effects, but they are wood pulp just the same.

The housefurnishing departments in the big shops furnish interesting evidence of the extent to which paper enters into ordinary life. Paper palms and cane are appreciated by the suburban dweller who hasn't "real" tubs. They are much lighter and easier to keep clean as well as cheaper than the old style. Water coolers are made of paper. So is the much-abused cushion.

Does not the hair of the business man shown in the illustration at once suggest the method of the delirious person that he is? He is seen as he sits in his office before going on "Change. When he has been in the office for some time he has of course been through one or two hard scrambles, after which he is likely to appear something like the Anarchist or the foot-ball player. This gives the student more food for reflection.

Germans are very partial to parting the hair on a line with the inner corner of the left eye, and after plaiting it down near the part they like to comb or brush it backward in little billows.

Scrapers and press fabrics have a head dress which is strong in individuality, and sometimes it is embellished, as will be seen in the illustration, by an addition in the shape of a section of court plaster which covers the snail-receded in the last encounter with a "bum."

The bald-headed cook with a few wisps of hair atop of his cranium so carefully parted and groomed, needs no introduction. He is the middle-aged masquer, the old rouler, the first nighter. Neither does it need a sign board to tell that the one remaining type, as told by the hair, is the man of artistic temperament, hair, poet or possum.

BILL COOK AND THE NEW MAN.

The Latter Interviews the Outlaw in Albany Jail.

SHE RATHER LIKES HIM.

Thinks He Has a Frank Face and Innocent Blue Eyes—Cook Tells Her of His Life.

Special Correspondence Sunday Post-Dispatch. ALBANY, N. Y., July 11.—I came to Albany this week to interview the notorious Indian Territory desperado and outlaw, "Bill" Cook. This man, now confined in the Albany Penitentiary, is said to be the most desperate law-breaker, train-rober and highwayman the Southwest has ever produced. A large sum was offered for his capture, and when found guilty he was sentenced to imprisonment for forty-five years.

The first glance at him, however, dispelled all my preconceived notions in regard to his appearance. According to the accounts which for a year had filled the dispatches from the West, "Bill" Cook, the leader of the famous Cook gang of train-robbers and cut-throats, was a sort of mixture of Claude Duval and Jesse James.

Of the effects East depict a Western desperado either as a gentlemanly, velvet-boated young man in highly polished riding boots and becoming slouch hat and who cuts a throat with a grace that charms all beholders, or as an exaggerated type of the Bowery thug, with no manners and no conscience.

"Bill" Cook is neither. If he is a cut-throat he is the tenderest cut-throat imaginable, the mildest-mannered man who ever scouted a ship.

When I told my mission to Warden McIntyre of the Albany Penitentiary, he looked at me in surprise, and said: "What! Come all the way to see 'Bill' Cook? Well, he isn't worth the trouble."

"But he is a noted desperado," I insisted, "who stands at the head of his own profession."

Warden McIntyre gave a groan of disdain. "Well, I thought so, too," he said, "before I knew him, but must say he proves to be the greatest disappointment of my life, and the Warden's face took on an injured look."

"But at least he held up express trains," I ventured timidly, and killed people, plundered towns and led a desperate crew to warfare and crime."

"Bill" Cook," said the Warden, with fine scorn, "wouldn't hold up a trolley car; he wouldn't kill a cat, and I don't believe he ever led any more dangerous band than a singing class in Sunday-school."

"But I suppose, nevertheless," I continued, "that you keep him chained to the floor in a dark dungeon to pay the penalty, at least, of his greatness?"

"Our desperado is there!" Another disappointment. No dungeon, no chains, no stocks. He led the way through prison corridors where hard-voiced men in striped suits moved with shambling steps to the back and end of their keepers, through a paved courtyard and up two flights of stairs in the industrial building, into a long room where a number of prisoners were sitting at long tables cutting, piecing and sewing shirts. The hum of the whirling wheels and belts almost drowned the voice of the Warden, as he said, with a wave of his hand:

"Perhaps you can pick him out," suggested the Warden with a smile.

I glanced curiously at the long rows of bowed heads. There were all sorts and conditions of men there. There were old men and young men, negroes, Indians and white, a more unattractive looking lot of creatures one couldn't imagine.

I had heard that Bill Cook was a young man, so with some hesitation I pointed to a hard-favored young fellow who sat, with an angry scowl, at his machine. "That is he," I suggested. The Warden smiled. "That man was sent here for beating his wife," he said, "he is not a real criminal."

THE REAL BILL COOK. The presence of visitors in the room had seemed to be unnoticed by the prisoners, not because they were devoid of curiosity, but because the stern prison discipline forbade them to raise their heads from their work. But I did notice one pair of boyish blue eyes peering at us from time to time, whenever the keeper's head was turned.

The face seemed to stand out from the others by reason of its incongruity amid such surroundings. A meek, mild-mannered youth he seemed to be. "Some mother's darling," I thought, "led astray by wild and evil influences."

It seemed to me too bad that the rest of his young life should be marred by contact with these vicious-looking men who are his sole companions. I said to the Warden. He looked triumphant.

"That," said he, pointing to the mild-mannered, blue-eyed young boy, "that is Bill Cook. Well, I didn't exactly doubt the Warden's word, but I believed him more implicitly when Cook corroborated it himself, a few minutes later."

I saw him in the ward-room, to which the Warden had sent that I might talk with him, and at his bright, honest face was not at all changed after the conversation of a quarter of a century.

"Bill" Cook is really but a mere boy. He will not be 21 until December, and he certainly does not look as though he were older in experience than in years. He is a tall, pleasant-faced young man, with a pleasant physique, with a soft, rather musical voice, and would strike one at first glance as a country boy from the West, who had plenty to eat, little to do and some education, but a closer study of his face reveals a degree of individuality remarkable in one so young.

The eyes are what one would call honest eyes. If one knew that they belonged to a robber, and when cast down the long, alkali-brown eyes of a young man almost girlish appearance. The mouth is a mixture of strength and good nature. His ear betokens a liberal spirit.

"Bill" Cook has a patrician nose; it is well formed, with sensitive, arched nostrils. His skin is very fair, his complexion fair, with tapering fingers and well-formed nails, and his arms, which were bare, are white, rounded and muscular. The forehead is high and good, although slightly retreating; the hair almost blond, the eyebrows a shade lighter and heavy enough to give the face a certain amount of character.

"I NEVER KILLED A MAN!" As he was led into the guard-room I tried to picture to myself this fair-haired young fellow defying law and order at the head of a band of ruffian-pilgrims and murderers, without conscience or mercy. I could not, and I gave it up.

This lady, explained the Warden, "has come to see what a noted desperado looks like." Cook blushed and smiled deprecatingly.



SOCIETY BELLES OF CALIFORNIA, MO.

That City Challenges the State to Surpass Them.

Special Correspondence Sunday Post-Dispatch. CALIFORNIA, Mo., July 11.—When it

"Well, I have had to shoot, of course, when people were after me; but they were Indians. I wouldn't shoot a United States Marshal, but when it came to shooting or being shot by an Indian, why, of course, I did shoot."

"And then you shot to kill?" I suggested.

"I shot in earnest," he admitted, "but didn't kill any of them."

"You didn't go back to look, did you?" He looked at me almost appealingly, as he slowly replied:

"Well, no, I didn't."

"How does a man feel when he is trying to kill another?" I asked.

"You mean when he is shooting an Indian?" asked Cook, evasively.

"Yes; any sort of a man," Cook seemed to resent that question just a little for the moment, when he replied:

comes to the beauty and attractiveness of her young society women this city, although naturally modest about boasting of its advantages, generally refuses to be silent. She claims to have the prettiest and most winning girls, not only of Central Missouri, but of all the length and breadth of Imperial Missouri in its entirety.

When such a claim is made there is but one thing to support it. In witness of California's claim the portraits of the leading girls, not only of Central Missouri, but of all the length and breadth of Imperial Missouri in its entirety.

Miss Ida Burkhardt, daughter of G. N. Burkhardt, one of the oldest and leading merchants of the city, is considered, very pretty, is of a blonde complexion and singing girl, not only of Central Missouri, but of all the length and breadth of Imperial Missouri in its entirety.

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pretty and very frank in her expressions. She is an important factor in the Christian Church choir, and her friends are numerous. Miss Ida Burkhardt, daughter of G. N. Burkhardt, one of the oldest and leading merchants of the city, is considered, very pretty, is of a blonde complexion and singing girl, not only of Central Missouri, but of all the length and breadth of Imperial Missouri in its entirety.

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plishments, and has just returned home from Springfield, Mo., where she was attending one of the leading colleges. Miss Ida Burkhardt, daughter of G. N. Burkhardt, one of the oldest and leading merchants of the city, is considered, very pretty, is of a blonde complexion and singing girl, not only of Central Missouri, but of all the length and breadth of Imperial Missouri in its entirety.

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is a graduate of Synodical Female College at Fulton, has taught in the public school in this city and is at present visiting in Pennsylvania and the East.

Miss Adelle Mengel, daughter of Capt. W. J. Mengel, an extensive lumber dealer of this city, is noted for her sweet disposition, and many winning ways. She is of a brunette type, and is an important factor in all musical entertainments. She also has many other accomplishments, and is a general favorite.

Miss Ethel Barnhill, daughter of Wm. M. Barnhill, a leading insurance man, is a brunette and very attractive. She is well up in music, being a graduate of one of the Central Missouri, is very pretty, and one of the finest and most highly esteemed young ladies in the city. She is inclined to be on the blonde order, with attractive hazel eyes. She also ranks high as a literary lady,

to the prison at Fort Smith," he said, "that I really do not mind the confinement so much as I otherwise would. The Fort Smith prison was very hard on me."

"Do you find your cell rather narrow quarters?" I asked.

"Well, he replied, "a cell may be very narrow quarters, but, with a meaning glance, 'they are safe quarters.'"

"What hope have you for the future?" I asked.

"I have been sent here for forty-five years' imprisonment," the boy desperado replied, "three sentences of twelve years and one of one. By good behavior," he said calmly enough, almost too calmly, "I can earn my release in 1922—that will be seventeen years off."

I tried to imagine how Bill Cook will look in 1922. Will he still retain those innocent blue eyes and that frank, honest face, or will the years of confinement harden his face and stifle that bright, boyish nature? Who can say? The Warden seemed to me that Cook hopes to be pardoned after a few years, and expects to be able to prove that the power have changed their minds and has received a respite.

"Cherchez le bien," he said, and he's got a good heart. In spite of his reputation, I said Cook gallantly.

"A pardoning injunction that I shall do him justice, they lay away this blue-eyed, mild-mannered boy, who has the reputation of being the leader of a murderous gang, whose name has so long been a household terror, not to the dungeon, where I had expected to find my Western, dime-novel hero, but to the utterly unromantic and useful occupation of sewing shirts."

THE NEW WOMAN.

LEGAL.

SHERIFF'S SALE—By virtue and authority of the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the City of St. Louis, Missouri, in and for the County of St. Louis, Missouri, do hereby direct, to be directed, to the Sheriff of the County of St. Louis, Missouri, to sell, to the highest bidder, the above described property, to satisfy said execution and costs.

MONDAY, THE 27TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1895, between the hours of 9 o'clock in the forenoon and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, at the east front door of the Court-house, in the City of St. Louis, Missouri, at public auction, for cash, to the highest bidder, the above described property, to satisfy said execution and costs.

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THESE HINTS FOR THE CAMPER-OUT.

What She Needs in Apparel, Food and Camp Outfit.

Written for the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

Thanks to that large liberty which is being accorded the women of the present day, "camping out" is no longer an exclusively masculine privilege. All the delights and all the discomforts of camp life may now be shared by the vicarious feminine members of the family. As is usual, the most interesting question concerns clothing. Campers-out of widest experience declare that over a union suit of woolen material and a pair of canvas knickerbockers, a flannel shirt waist and canvas skirt and coat should be worn. Canvas is preferred to wool because it does not tear and stretch in the same way. Moreover, the canvas is washable and practically waterproof.

Footwear is the next consideration, and for this there is nothing better than the hunter's boot made of oil-tanned horsehide, lacing nearly to the knee, with a bellows tongue. These boots may be soaked all day in water, and yet, after drying by the camp fire all night, come out next morning as soft and pliable as if never wet. Shoes and leggings can be worn, but these boots combine the two, and are also a protection against insect bites. A pair of soft canvas shoes should be taken to wear for a change. There is nothing to be feared from wet feet. A rub and toasting before the open fire will ward off any cold, and one soon ceases to even think of the matter.

After the question of what to wear comes that of camp equipment, tents, bedding, campers of widest experience declare that the "wall" and the "A" tent—those most generally used—having found that any closed tent is bad because it retains the dampness. A tent entirely open on one side, so that the campfire at night and the sun by day can light and warm every recess, is the best, and a tent is now made with an awning, which is practically house and piazza, and which can be closed if necessary. Such a tent has front curtains hung by snaps and rings, and, though not as common as the others, can be found. Blankets are of even more importance, and the very best should be bought, dark gray in color and about eight pounds to the pair. Where people camp in pairs three double blankets are needed. Add to these a rubber blanket about six by four, costing about \$1.50, and one of the most useful camp possessions. If a permanent camp is to be made camp chairs and beds can be taken where transfer wagons can come; otherwise, reject them all. A pillow may be allowed, but it should be simply a case made of thick ticking, to be filled after arrival. Make buttonholes at the end, so that it can be buttoned together. Take also some yards of close woven mosquito netting, and a hammock may be added as a luxury if you can spare space. The pillow is to be filled with "spruce boughs," of which your bed will also be made, this "boughs" being only the tips of the spruce, and never in any chance pieces of the branches. Fill it as thickly as possible—to have it thick means a good many hours of work—and you have a bed springy, soft and breathing balm and tonic. A short crocheted stick is to be driven at each end, standing a foot higher than the bed. Across it hang the mosquito netting, under which you may sleep in peace.

FOR DINNER OR DANCE.

A Dainty Frock of Summer Silk Trimmed With Velvet and Lace.

The summer girl with a limited bank account is forced to give much thought to the subject of her clothes. This suggestion for a dinner dress, which can also be worn to a hop may be of help to her in planning her summer wardrobe.

The gown is made of one of the new, inexpensive summer silks, white, and with hair lines in turquoise blue. The skirt is most oddly trimmed, yet it is extremely effective.



effective. In front, towards the bottom, there are two cascades of lace, which are outlined with black velvet ribbons, caught here and there in knots. The velvet defines the lace in points and forms a finish to the skirt.

The low-cut bodice is very fetching. The foundation is made of silk, but a bertha of lace almost covers it in front, and broad black velvet ribbons form bretelles, which tie in bows on the shoulders. The ribbon

also encircles the waist, and is arranged in upstanding loops, which fall in long ends over the gown. The elbow sleeves are most bouffant in effect, and are finished at the elbow with a deep frill of lace.

FOR A HOME DINNER.

Here is an Excellent Recipe for Raspberry Tapioca Pudding.

This recipe requires one-half pint of flaked tapioca, one and one-half gill of water, one-half gill of sugar, one pint of raspberries, one-half tablespoonful of lemon juice and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. After measuring the tapioca turn it out on the molding board and crush it as fine as possible with the rolling pin. Then wash it and cook it in the cold water for three hours or longer—better over night if there be time.

Put the soaked tapioca in a double boiler and cook until it is perfectly clear. If it has been soaked over night it will cook in half an hour, but if soaked for only three hours it will require cooking for an hour and a half. When the tapioca is clear add the sugar, salt and lemon, then take the dish from the fire and stir in the raspberries. Pour the pudding into a hot dish and serve with time turn out the pudding on a hot dish and surround it with whipped cream.

TO SERVE WITH SALAD.

Bread Croutons Filled With a Cheese Mixture Are Delicious.

Cheese pates are a delicious addition to the salad course of a dinner. In preparing them use the requisite number of fried bread croutons and fill with the following mixture: Put one-ounce of butter and half a tablespoonful of hot water in a saucepan and boil them, stir in sufficient bread crumbs to make a stiff paste, beat in the yolk of an egg, pepper, salt and cayenne and four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Serve very hot.

PLAID SILKS IN FAVOR.

A French Frock in Shades of Lilac, Mauve and Faint Green.

The dashing plaid silks are much in favor this summer. For a cool day at the sea nothing is prettier than a scarlet and black plaid, made up into a frock trimmed with black velvet, or black lace. An exquisite plaid silk gown, made after a French design, is of faint lilac silk, with the plaid formed of dark mauve and pale green lines. The skirt is made plain and full and is charming to wear with elaborate skirt waists.

The novelty of the bodice shows its French origin. It is made of the silk and has a high pointed corset trimmed with tiny fringe, and if you only know one, how do you have to write it?



mauve velvet buttons. A deep collar of mauve velvet outlines the yoke and forms both revers and epaulettes. The yoke, which is almost deep enough to be termed a vest, is adjustable and may be made of a variety of materials. In the gown described it is of grass linen embroidered in eyelet holes. It is also very fetching if made of white chiffon, trimmed with tiny frills of deep yellow Valenciennes lace.

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE.

I am to be married shortly (in the fall). The wedding is to be a home affair at high noon. The bride will wear a traveling gown. Would it be proper for me to wear striped trousers and a black cutaway coat? I do not want to wear a Prince Albert, as I would never wear it again, and besides I am too short, 5 feet 4 inches. Kindly let me know. GEORGE G. R.

A Prince Albert coat is usually worn on such occasions; but if you do not wish to buy one it is not absolutely necessary.

1. Is a man of moderate means expected to give his fiancée both an engagement and a wedding ring? 2. What should be the style of the engagement ring? 3. On which finger should it be worn? 4. Is it customary to have the initials of the contracting parties engraved on either the engagement or the wedding ring? F. M.

1. It is customary. 2. A diamond solitaire is usually worn. 3. On the third finger of the left hand. 4. The initials of both the "high contracting parties" and the date are usually engraved inside the ring.

When you want to invite a bride and

SHOWING THE NEED OF EXERCISE—



bridgegroom, and if you only know one, how do you have to write it?

A. A stud of some plainer material (as gold or white enamel) would be in better taste.

It is necessary and proper for a gentleman in calling upon a lady whom he has met once or twice to previously make known to her the fact that he is going to call, and if so, in what way should he do so.

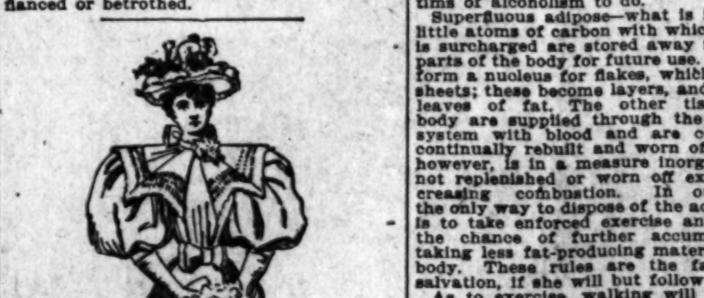
He should not call on so slight an acquaintance, without having received an invitation or, at least, permission, from the girl.

If a lady and gentleman are engaged and one dies, is it proper for the other to go into mourning, and if so, what kind?

MOURNING. If the engagement has been announced it is right under the circumstances to go into mourning. The extent and nature of the mourning worn depends on the taste of the wearer.

Is the expression "steady company" vulgar? My friend says it is, and says the word "fiancee," or "fiancee," is better. Which is right? I use the words "steady company" to denote the young man I am engaged to. What does "fiancee" mean, anyway? SWEET MARIE.

1. Your friend is right. The term "steady company" is a meaningless vulgarism that has no place in our language. 2. The literal translation of "fiancee" is affianced or betrothed.



Superfluous adipose tissue is it? At first little atoms of carbon with which the blood is surcharged are stored away in non-used parts of the body for future use. The atoms form a nucleus for flakes, which grow into sheets; these become layers, and ultimately the body is supplied through the circulating system with blood and are consequently continually rebuilt and worn off. The fat, however, is in a measure inorganic and is not replenished or worn off except by increased consumption. If other words, the only way to dispose of the accumulation is to take enforced exercise. These muscles, by taking less fat-producing material into the body, thereby reduce the fat. The woman's salvation, if she will but follow them.

As to exercise, walking will not accomplish the reduction of flesh. The exercise must be arranged to localize the energy to those particular groups of muscles which are burdened with adipose. These muscles are almost invariably those in the abdominal and pelvic regions, while the very little exercise by walking. But the overburdened muscles must not be over-exercised, for many reasons. Exercise in excess will reduce the current in excess to the muscles used and this excess of blood supply must be relieved by directing the current at intervals to other parts of the body, generally the extremities. Grave injury to the internal organs is done by excessive work on the muscles affecting the internal organs. Hence flesh-reducing work should begin with simple movements for the extremities and should approach the overburdened

THIS FOR THE STOUT WOMAN.

Miss Marguerite Lindley Gives Her Valuable Information.

Written for the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

Almost every phase of the woman question has received its need of attention lately except that which to many is the most burning question of all—the weight question. The woman of the past has been exploited, but the woman of over-abundant pounds has been left to her own devices. The coming woman has been heralded, and no one has paused to reflect that if the women of America increase in adiposity during the next quarter of a century as they have during the past, the "coming woman" will be a stout woman—not merely a plump or fat woman, but an impressively awkward and cumbersome being.

Already her name is legion. She is mighty and prevails everywhere. She is strangely undisturbed by the distance she creates; she shows no embarrassment on the crowded car or in the street, when she occupies the space of three women of average build.

THE EXERCISES—

First—Simple respiration exercise, standing with chest well raised; raise arms slowly during inhalation until they are shoulder high; then, during exhalation, repeat ten times. Second—Shoulder blade and arm movement: raise arms shoulder high in plane with the shoulder blades; from this position rotate arms by turning palms up and down. Make this movement resistive by using shoulder muscles with vigor, but not force. Third—Foot movement: walk slowly forward on toes with the chest well raised; pause between steps until a good balance is attained. Fourth—Assume a stride position, either sitting or standing, hands on the hips with thumbs turned backward. Bend forward slowly from the hips, keeping the face raised in the usual plane. Make the bend as far as is possible, while keeping the spinal muscles tense. Hold this position four or five times and increase at discretion to twelve.

After this the exercise may be localized to the abdominal region. The fifth exercise is a repetition of the first respiratory one. For the sixth, assume a recumbent posture; place the hands back of the neck, with the finger-tips touching, and the elbows in touch with the floor. Extend the foot in a line with the leg and raise slowly to an angle of about 45 degrees; hold it in this position for four or five heart-beats, and slowly sink to the former position. Be sure that the leg is slowly sunk and not allowed to drop. Repeat eight times. When this has been successfully practiced for weeks it may be made more vigorous by adding repetitions. Or it may be substituted by a circumduction of the thigh. For this raise the leg and swing it slowly in a circle outward and downward. After doing this twice rest a few minutes and repeat. To raise both legs simultaneously is not safe until after the muscles have been prepared by simple exercises. It should never be attempted by a beginner, even a healthy one, and might prove disastrous to a person of light or abnormal heart action.

Seventh—Assume a stride sitting posture with the toes locked about the chair legs to keep the arms firmly braced and with the hands on the hips, thumbs backward. From this position twist the trunk from side to side slowly but vigorously. Breathe freely meanwhile. Repeat eight times.

Eighth—From the same recumbent posture as is required in the sixth exercise,

trunk muscles guardedly. The stout woman is apt to regard this as a waste of time. It is, however, a very necessary safeguard. The accumulated adipose of time which will be required depends entirely upon the condition of the individual—her age, the cause of adipose, the condition of her action, the condition of her internal organs, the complications or defects both functional and organic, and, far from that, the self-control of the patient. Exercise must not be taken within an hour after light meals or two hours after heavy ones. The best time to take the exercises is before bedtime, as the circulation is not interrupted. Before the mid-day meal is also a good and safe time for practice. It goes without saying that no tight clothing should be worn.

A simple formula of exercises safe for any stout woman to follow is this: First—Simple respiration exercise, standing with chest well raised; raise arms slowly during inhalation until they are shoulder high; then, during exhalation, repeat ten times. Second—Shoulder blade and arm movement: raise arms shoulder high in plane with the shoulder blades; from this position rotate arms by turning palms up and down. Make this movement resistive by using shoulder muscles with vigor, but not force. Third—Foot movement: walk slowly forward on toes with the chest well raised; pause between steps until a good balance is attained. Fourth—Assume a stride position, either sitting or standing, hands on the hips with thumbs turned backward. Bend forward slowly from the hips, keeping the face raised in the usual plane. Make the bend as far as is possible, while keeping the spinal muscles tense. Hold this position four or five times and increase at discretion to twelve.

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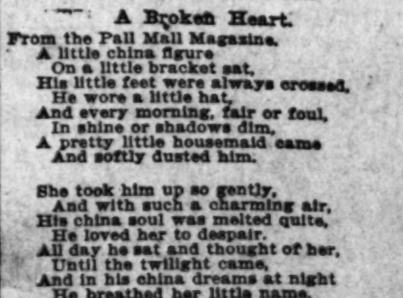
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TWO PARISIAN DINNER JACKETS.

ST. LOUIS WOMEN.

Miss Nellie McChesney, daughter of Capt. Warren McChesney, is an artist on the violin as well as a fine equestrienne.

Mrs. Mary Hogan-Ladum, the gifted actress, elocutionist and exponent of Delectable, accompanied by her charming mother, left on Monday for Boston, Mass., in the interest of her art.

Miss Esther Hodges, the dark-eyed singer, who is coming rapidly to the front in musical circles, is a microbe enthusiast, and is developing her lung power with frequent rides upon her wheel.

Miss Catherine Horton-Blackman is one of the best wheelwomen in the city, as well as one of the best women artists, and often takes long rides with her husband art through the parks and surrounding country.

Miss Jennie E. Bowles, treasurer and manager of the Business Woman's Club, is more than elated with its success. It is now entirely out of debt and 300 young business women dine there every day.

Mrs. L. M. Wade, the bright and vivacious daughter of Mrs. Maria L. Johnston, one of the brightest and best-informed women in St. Louis, has been cultivating the wheel and looks very well in her neat and nobby suit.

One of the gifted amateur artists of this city is Mr. Dr. Robert Brank, who discovered several years ago that she had talent

qualified to give an opinion upon the subject of pianoforte music.

Mrs. Moran-White, the manager of the Woman's Exchange, is back again at her old post, which at her marriage a year ago she resigned. The demise of her husband occurred after eight months. Her misfortune becomes the fortune of the patrons of the Exchange, with whom she is so popular.

Mrs. C. H. Springer devotes all of her time to charitable work, and she is a very busy woman. She was President of the International Board of Women's and Young Women's Christian Associations and President of the Woman's Christian Association of this city and President of the Memorial Home Board.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Little and their little daughter are enthusiastic cyclists and may be seen early in the morning and late evening speeding out to the park. They have now gone to Oconomowoc for the remainder of the season, and have taken their wheels along to make pilgrimages through the lake regions.

Misses Adeline and Isabella Hull, Juliette Farish and Isabella Hull, Ellen Coladay and others who were the organizers of the Ladies' Department of the defunct Pastime Club are anxious to organize a club of their own and desire the co-operation of some women of wealth interested in athletic pursuits.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the Church of the Redeemer has elected the following officers: W. O. White, President; S. O. Green, Vice-President; Miss Blanche Adams, Recording Secretary; Mrs. W. E. Scher, Treasurer; Miss Lottie Deeds, Superintendent of Junior Society; Arthur Thursday, Miss Grace Thursday and Miss Lizzie Mathie, organists.

Miss Adelaide Kalkman, the well-known soprano singer, sang at one of the concerts of the Musical Convention last week, and received the highest encomiums from the audience. She has been a diligent student of trills and cadenzas and roudies with Mrs. Broadwood for the past two years, and will go to Paris in the fall to spend a year continuing her vocal studies.

Miss Mary Perry is a busy woman, and during the year has been in the studio building at Washington avenue, making a chart of each building, and ing all the data necessary for an accurate philanthropic work, and devotes much of her time to the furtherance of such. She has been one of the active members of the Wednesday Club for years.

Miss E. O. Jones, the well-known teacher and decorator, who has her studio in the studio building at Washington avenue, has added another accomplishment to those already well known, that of bicycle riding. Miss Jones has been practicing this accomplishment so quietly that her friends were hardly aware of it. She thought of joining the patrons of the wheel until she came out one evening in a tasteful and becoming costume, riding easily and gracefully the wheel.

Mrs. James L. Blair, who has been prominent for some years in society circles as a leader in music and dramatic art, has recently engineered a comprehensive scheme by which the ladies and artists interested in these things will have what they have so long desired, "a house of their own." With the aid of her husband she leased and transformed the Scudder mansion on Olive street into a conservatorium, and every available room was at once engaged. The studios by musicians of note, who have fitted up their piano and vocal parlors in handsome style. The grand ballroom, which seats fifty persons, has been reserved for the use of the Morning Choral, of which Mrs. Blair is President. Other societies which meet for rehearsal. This idea of utilizing the handsome old place has proved the motif for a much larger undertaking.

BI-CYCLE COSTUMES.

Specially Designed for the Sunday Post-Dispatch in Competition for a Prize of the Best Design to Be Made by Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney on the Order of the Post-Dispatch.

The accompanying illustration shows the design of costume entered in the Sunday Post-Dispatch bicycle costume contest by Miss Margie Standley of Charleston, Mo. Miss Standley writes of this design as follows:

"I have been watching with great interest the bicycle costumes offered in the Sunday Post-Dispatch competition, but have failed so far to see one to my ideal. I enclosed please find a picture of costume which expresses my idea exactly. The costume is to be for the twilight hours, and is made of about one pound of common sized shot distributed all around the bottom of the skirt

which she had never cultivated. Since that time her painting has been a source of great pleasure to her.

Mrs. George N. Lynch of the Queen's Daughters has resigned her position as chairman of the various committees in charge of the Catholic orphans' excursion and Mrs. E. Graham Frost has been chosen to fill the vacancy.

Mrs. L. D. Allen, who has already passed the bounds of the amateur in china painting, has gone abroad to spend several months in travel and will devote considerable time to this exquisite art in the best schools of Dresden.

Miss Jessie Ringen, who attracted such attention at the recent musical convention, is one of a number of St. Louis girls who want to Dresden to study scientific music. Miss Stella Gerardi is still there and will remain another year.

Miss Ida Worth of St. Paul's Methodist Church South, who has been studying for two years in the Scarritt Bible and Training school, has received notice that she will be sent as a missionary to Japan, and will on the 5th of August with Bishop Hendrix's party.

Miss Ruth Waldauer, who spent the winter in St. Louis studying music at the Beethoven Conservatory, received a diploma at the commencement of the musical institute. Miss Waldauer has a very beautiful voice, and has gone to Mobile, Ala., to spend her vacation.

Mrs. Will Schuyler, who is one of the most talented women in St. Louis, makes a study of music, and has been studying for a number of years. She has been a member of a number of West Cabaret place families, to whom she devotes much of her time and attention.

Mrs. Florence Wyman-Richardson read one of the best papers presented before the Music Teachers' Association during their meeting in this city. Mrs. Richardson is a brilliant performer on the piano and well

in the home; black Jersey, legging, black shoes; nothing conspicuous; sailor hat and tan gloves.



Only 10¢ a Week.

THE DAILY AND SUNDAY
POST-DISPATCH,
Delivered by Carrier.
The Best Sunday Paper in St. Louis.
ORDER IT.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1895.

Equal to Puck
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SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH,
And it costs only 5 cents,
with a Great Newspaper combined.
Daily and Sunday, 10 Cts. a Week.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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THE DEVIL'S LATEST DISGUISE.



TO HEAR THE OUTCRY AGAINST BLOOMERS FROM BACKWOODS MINISTERS, COUNTRY CONSTABLES AND ELDERLY SPINSTERS IT WOULD SEEM THAT SATAN HIMSELF HAD INVENTED THEM.

Original Jokes.

ALL HE WANTED.

Miss—Have you seen my new bonnet yet?
Miss (sighing)—No, but I've heard

AND SHE KNEW.

Pango—Is your husband in Wall Street?
Miss—Yes; at least, his type.
Miss Huggins says he is.

NATURALLY.

Angles—That man is way up in his
nose, I can tell you.
Angles—He's a tin-roofer.

WINDY PIECE OF FURNITURE.

Editor—Do you digest all the poems you
write?
Editor—Oh, no, I have a goat to do
for me.

TRUE.

Attis—I have 30,000 volumes.
Attis—And yet I have your whole
library condensed into one book.
Attis—What's that?
Attis—The dictionary.

THE OTHER KIND.

Art—I see that you have that rent
your trousers still.
Art—Oh, no, I haven't. My land-
lady held me up in the street this morn-
ing and took every cent of it.

HARD LUCK.

Anges—What a remarkable memory
you have!
Anges—Yes, I should say so! She re-
members everything that I have been
doing desperately for years to forget.

THE LAST RESORT.

Anges—I wonder how I can win an
evening?
Anges—You might dress up as a
Chinese and join a Brooklyn
day-school.

THE REASON OF IT.

Anges—I suppose Chicago is pretty
during the summer, is it not?
Anges—Dead as a mackerel.
Anges—Heat?
Anges—Nix. Divorce courts closed.

A GOURMAND.

Anges—My Lord, during all
the American tour, which of the
has proven the most irresistibly
ing?
Anges—Lordship—The dinner-bells,
sure you.

EXPLAINED.

Anges—What do you mean by coming
in this condition? You promised
you would only drink two fingers
of this whole day.
Anges—Right you (hic) are! I drank
of a (hic) baking-pan.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

Anges—What does Chawley walk with
him in the air like that for? Is
he sick?
Anges—No; he's in love with a
his fay, and has occupied the front
steadily now for a whole month.

HE DID.

Anges—Did you feel the force and di-
rectness of that pointed article I left
on this morning?
Anges—(Tortuously)—So it was you who
that bent pin in my chair, was it,
scoundrel?

CAUSE FOR IT.

Anges—You look despondent. Engage-
ment broken?
Anges—Yes. Her mother accuses me of
being my fiancée loaded.
Anges—Heaven! Where did it happen?
Anges—At the drug store. Clerk made a
sneak and gave her the soda water
had the wink in it.

BY PROXY.

Anges—I thought you said that Pippo
was a scoundrel, and that you would
him dead after this; and yet I
you sipping cocktails with him at
club this morning!
Anges—Oh, I leave all those disagree-
ments of diplomacy to my man. He
told him dead every day for three
thousand years.

A QUERY.

Anges—What language do you
speak, Miss De Gushaw?
Anges—De Gushaw (sighing divinely)—
one.
Anges—Bilby—And that?
Anges—Gushaw—The language of love.
Anges—Bilby—Ah, really! But you
and it embarrassing that nobody
fully understands dead languages
days.

A REASONABLE SUPPOSITION.



FARMER OATCAKE (hunting through catalogue of Metropolitan Museum of Art)—No, Samantha, I don't see
nothing about this 'ere Greek statue, but I reckon from its looks it must have been some ancient trolley car god or
other.

NO CHANCE OF REST.

Miss Emancipation—Our movement is a
powerful one. Woman will never rest
until she has asserted herself.
Mr. Oldstyle—No, nor men either.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Sniffly—How is the paper with those
cigarettes? Pretty tart, is it not?
Whiffly (looking at picture)—Not so
very pretty.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PAIN.

Dr. Pillener—Have you any idea what
caused this sudden pain you speak of?
Mr. McLone—I think it was first due
to seeing my wife riding a bicycle with
bloomers on.

HAD NONE.

He—Would you marry a man who mar-
ried for money?
She—I wish I had the chance.

A Polite Invocation.

Get off the earth, please, Tribby!
Get off the earth, we pray!
You threaten soon to drive us mad.
You're just a bit too gay.

Get off the earth, Napoleon!
You are a nuisance, too!
The campaigns of the Summer Girl
Make yours look mighty blue.

Get off the earth, Tom Platt, oh,
Get off the earth, we beg;
We've other politicians now
To pull our easy leg.

Get off the earth, Dick Croker,
We're done with you for aye;
We now propose to run New York
In quite a different way.

Get off the earth, you Captains,
Disgracing the police;
Your reign of 'pulls' and hoodlums' done,
We hail a time of peace.

Get off the earth, you Anarchist
And mischief-makers all;
And then around the globe we'll build
A sky-high ten-foot wall.

A Good Use for Them.

"By the way, Mary," said the dyspep-
tic boarder as the freckle-faced matri-
arch brought on the rolls and coffee, "the
cook is a member of the wheezing cuit,
isn't she?"

"Yes," replied that person's red-
haired uncle, studying.

"Owns a wheel doesn't she?"

"Yes."

"Rides it stripped?"

"Whenever I've seen her," a little
haughtily, "she's always had bloe!"

"I mean the wheel. No mud guards
on it, are there?"

"Nope."

"Well, I wish you'd tell her, Mary,"
the dyspeptic boarder looked gloomily
in the cup as he stirred his coffee,
"that it would be a mighty good idea
if she could devise some way to attach
them to the coffee-pot. Just look at this
stuff that she has sent in."

And Mary went out to report.

NOT IF SHE KNOWS IT.

Maud—A chaperon is not up-to-date,
now.

Mario—You bet! She isn't up to any
date that I make.

BETTER LUCK THAN THEY COULD STAND.



They had fished many a long hour with occasional nibbles.



And when a strong tug came on the line they boldly pulled for all their strength.



But when they actually found they had hooked a good big fish



It was such an unexpected and startling surprise that they fled in dismay.

In After Years.

"Darling,"
He gazed at her with a tender, appeal-
ing glance.

"I—"
They were preparing to go out for the
evening and he was anxious, for her
sake, to look his best.

"—my hat on straight!"
Being assured that it was, the hus-
band of the coming woman, after giving
explicit directions to the nurse regard-
ing baby, trustingly took the arm of the
woman who had sworn to cherish and protect
him—and so they went their way.

"Yes."

"Rides it stripped?"

"Whenever I've seen her," a little
haughtily, "she's always had bloe!"

"I mean the wheel. No mud guards
on it, are there?"

"Nope."

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them to the coffee-pot. Just look at this
stuff that she has sent in."

And Mary went out to report.

WHO HE WAS.

Haverly—Who is that pale, nervous,
sleazy-looking man?

Austen—Don't you know him? That is
Dr. N. D. Testlan, the great dyspeptic
specialist.

SEEKING THE PEARL.

"Mamma," exclaimed Wilbur the other
day, "how do sausage grow—on trees
like bananas or on vines like the cucum-
bers?"

And daffy lamp of his sweetheart, the
old man was quite thunderstruck.

I will now tell a true story about
snakes. One day a gentleman living to-
but little: Its giant gums, like those of
the hippopotamus, wave to and fro. The
high and white-topped waves of Lake
Drummond in stormy weather lash the
leaden sky, and the far-reaching scream
of the catamount pierces the dense cane-
breaks where lies the venomous serpent.

Onward, ever onward, the insane lover
in the misty night traces new ways
through the

Tangled juniper beds of roads
And many a fern where the serpent feeds
And man never trod before.

But the fiery lamp of his loved one
ever and ever recedes in the solemn
night, and silently her birch canoe melts
into the gray of dawn as the weary and
fainting lover, now over 200 years of
age, sits down in the bright red stump
water of this huge home of despair and
desolation.

In 1821, according to old Uncle Tony,
a mighty lion-looking man came to
Norfolk and got Tony to carry him out
to the lake. He kept his eyes open all
the way, gave Uncle Tony a pound and
wrote in his notebook all of the time.

Years and years after, when people told
Uncle Tony that his passenger was Tom
Moore, the Irish poet, who wrote the
sad and beautiful poem of the insane
lover who followed the phantom canoe

at various times from Washington down
to the last purchaser, who was Burrell
Brothers, esp. of Gates County, N. C."

This reminds one of the new title used
in a Hickory paper recently, viz., "Rev.
Major James D. Weston," the author
of Marshal Ney's life in North Carolina.

I find the following two items of in-
terest in my home paper, published not
long ago:

"A woman moonshiner of Polk County
was fined \$100 and sent to jail for three
months."

"A hotel sensation at Winston has
ended in the assignment of Kittelle,
proprietor of the Phoenix. It is charged
that ice from the dead body of Charles
Johnston was used for tea and water in
the hotel. The guests left. It is claimed
for the hotel that a rubber sheet was
placed between the ice and the body.
The hotel will be put under new man-
agement by the assignee."

Hotels cannot be too careful about
such things, for, aside from all ideas of
sentiment, as a matter of business two
prices for the same ice is unfair. In
fact, the typical mean man who used to
be located in New England seems to
have swapped latitudes.

I am nowadays in the depths of hay-
ing, and, though peace and harmony
reign in the South where once the shriek
of shot and shrapnel, and shell marred
the summer stillness, now the red nose
brier and the bull thistle and the crab

A Fatal Discovery, OR FOILED AT LAST.

The day was a sultry one. Birds flew
about from branch to branch uttering
low cries of fear, and a dog howled
wildly. There was an impending dan-
ger. All the forenoon strange forebod-
ings filled her breast and cast a gloom
over her usually high spirits.

She was resolved to try it. History
told her the countless failures that had
been made—but what does a woman
care for precedents?

What man had done, woman will do.
If there is any show on earth for her.

She made ready. Each little detail
was attended to with a calmness almost
heroic. She removed her coat, rolled up
her bloomers slightly, and put on a
pair of old gloves which her husband
used in churning.

The momentous moment came.
Placing the step-ladder in position,
she climbed to the top, while her faith-
ful husband with eyes and ears tightly
closed, held it steady.

She seized the deadly instrument!

An exclamation of pleasure told the
anxious husband that the deed had
been done without the slightest hitch.
Her lip curled. "Now, if it had been a
man!"

She came down from her exalted posi-
tion and stood upon the firm floor.

Suddenly the aghast husband heard
a wild cry of baffled rage and despair!

It had just occurred to her that it
was the 20th of July and the stove and
pipe would not be needed for almost
three months.

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THE DISMAL SWAMP.

Curiosities of Life Along Its
Grand Canal and a New
Version of the Cherry
Tree Story.

(Copyright 1895, by Edgar W. Nye.)

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

NANSEMOND COUNTY, Va.

Any of my readers are not aware that

in a hotel at Lake Drummond, in

heart of the Dismal Swamp. For-

the site was occupied by the

ty. It was so called because pov-

erous strange bedfellows. The

hotel is much more extensive,

a plank floor and two more panes

the hotel reminds one of the

days in Venice. The grand

canal, full of dark red stump water and
mossy snakes, flows gently past the
portulacas of the new hotel, the Ponce
de Leon, and guests are permitted to
drink freely of it.

The stranger is greatly surprised to
find that this canal has a current into
it and outward also. One does not
notice where the change takes place,
somewhere in the middle of the canal,
but one end flows towards the sea and
one towards the lake. Lake Drummond
is 8 to 12 feet higher than the surround-
ing country, and as there is no soil gen-
erally but a vast peaty, springy mattress
of dead vegetation, covering 100,000
acres, it is thought that the lake occu-
pies a vast basin six miles by three,
burned out as the result of a lightning
stroke.

It is altogether one of the strangest
phenomena in the known world. To my
surprise, it is a very healthful place,
aside from the poisonous serpents and
vegetation and the water in the canal,
though the color of umbrella juice or
the broth of a tanyard is delicious if
you can forget

HOW THE ROW STARTED.

(From Judge.)



(Copyright, 1906, by Judge Publishing Company.)
"No man hasn't touched a drop for a week."
"Yes, I heard that Casey had stopped his credit."
(Then the fight began.)

He Was Near the Top.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

One day on a Third Avenue elevated train I sat next to a young man who made such a bungling attempt to get into my trousers pocket that I turned on him and said:
"If I were in the business I'd do better than that or quit."
"In what business?" he asked.
"Picking pockets," I replied.
"I think I'm pretty well towards the top," he complacently observed as he began to read his newspaper.
"It don't look that way to me," I growled as a parting shot.
He got off at Fourteenth street, and then I began to feel around. I found he had taken my gloves, handkerchief, bunch of keys, notebook and the only bill I possessed. I went back to look for him and beg his pardon and tell him to continue in the business, but he was not to be found.

Exclusive.

(From Judge.)

Millicent—They say that Mrs. Bentonby is very exclusive.

Miriam (whom she snubs)—Yes, I hear that some of her teeth even don't move in the same set as the others.

A THRILLING HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE

(Copyright, 1906, by Kappeler & Schwartzmann, Ltd.)



No. 1.

Farmer Poorpeepers—I thought I'd take a squint an' see ef ther' wa'n't sum of them pesky college boarders sparkin' my gal Rosie; but there ain't no one with her but old Rover, an' he's ag'n ag'n wuss'n I am.



No. 2.

Rosie and "Old Rover."

Taking No Chances.

(From Life.)

"No, sir," said Charon, positively, "you can't get in here."
As the disappointed shade moved away from the gang-plank, one of the passengers remarked:
"It seems too bad to discriminate against anybody in that way."
"I know it does," Charon replied, "but I have to do it. He's the blooming idiot who rocked the boat in the other world."

His Distinction.

(From the Chicago Record.)

"What distinction have you won at college? You are not an athlete and you failed in all your studies, yet I am told that you have been elected president of your class. How did it happen?"
"Apparently, sir, you are not aware that I have added twenty absolutely meaningless syllables to the college syllabus."

Just the Thing.

(From Life.)

When I proposed she did not blush, And not one word she said.
The maiden did not tell me yes—She simply shook her head.
She simply shook her head, and yet No man in all the town Could be more pleased than I was, for She shook it up and down.

Willie's Explanation.

(From Judge.)

Indeed, I think I know why knots Are always found in trees immense; 'Tis so that there may be some holes For small boys in the Marshall fence.

The New Dragon.

(From Judge.)

The fairy prince bowed him low, "Sweet lady," quoth he, "I have slain the dragon that did thee beleague."
"Your answer!" sighed the fairy prince, And they were married.

FOILED.

(From Punch.)



What a charming surprise it is, to a man who has looked to his bicycle for two hours' peace and liberty a day, to come down on his birthday and find that his wife and his mother-in-law have taken lessons in secret, and will henceforth go with him always and everywhere!

POPULATION GOT A-WABBLIN'.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

So Measures Were Quickly Taken to Keep It Steady.

Hearing the man in the seat ahead of me asking the conductor how far it was to Elk City, I inquired if it was much of a town.

"No, not much," he replied; "just a common town."

"Any industries?"

"Only drinkin' and gamblin', and burnin' them as gets killed."

"What's the population?"

"Well, I can't exactly say, bein' as I've bin gone four days. When I left we had about 300 populusun above ground. When I git back that it may hev run down to 250 or up to 320."

"Then the population of the town rises and falls?"

"Who does. She rises and falls and wabbles about. If old Jim Blakely is up in the hills, the population gains. If he's in town, it decreases."

"You mean he leads in the shooting?"

"He does. The blamed old critter gets drunk and raises a riot, and somebody is sure to be killed. Yes, we've got a wabblin' populusun, and it's all on old Jim's account. If he was out of the way, I reckon we'd git along."

"Can't anything be done with him?"

"Oh, yes. Suthin's got to be done as soon as I git home. That's what I've bin away fur—to buy cartridges. That will be six of our leadin' citizens at the depot to meet me."

"And the seven of you are going to hunt up old Jim Blakely—and—"

"Exactly. We ar goin' to hunt him up and wabble him underground and stop the wabblin' of the populusun. Would you like to stop off and see the amusements? It won't cost anythin', you know."

"I declined with thanks, and after a minute he said:

"Waal, it's jest as ye feel about sich things. It's likely five or six of us may be shot, and in the excitement you might git plugged, and so it's probably jest as well, if you'll stop when ye cum back and all about it. I'm calkerratin' it'll be a circus, a rope walk, a shootin' match and a cyclone, all mixed up, but old Jim has got to be wabbled or the star of empire will crawl into a holier log."

"Where the Chicken Got It.

(From the Buffalo Enquirer.)

She was a fat old lady and looked not and flustered as she alighted from a Main street car at the corner of Niagara. She held a transfer check and stood between the rails looking about rather helplessly. Spying a newboy, she said, "Sonny, where's it got this car?" and held the check toward him. The boy glanced down the street and then at the woman and replied, "Well, if yer stan' on de track where yer is fer 'bout a minnit I tink yer'll git it in de neck."

"A Merry-Go-Round.

(From the Washington Star.)

"I wonder," said Mr. Dolan, "is it true that whiskey'll cure a snake bite?"

"Ay coorse it's true," replied his companion.

"An' there's no doubt at all about whiskey makin' a man see snakes."

"Devil a bit!"

"'Tis 'bout the matter wid yer?"

"O'iv dischivered perpetual motion!"

REGRET.

(From Judge.)



(Copyright, 1906, by Judge Publishing Co.)
Maude—What a pity he's such a woman-hater!

His Mother.

(From Punch.)

Wai, Hennerly, it on'y seems as yestidy when you was runnin' roun' Squashville, a little, sun-browned, bare-footed boy," said the good old Parson, merrily, as he sat in the cozy office chair and surveyed the New York business man at his desk. "Well, Parson, I wish I could say the same; but it seems an eternity to me," replied the business man, wearily passing his hand across his brow.

"An' hoave long sence ye've bin home t' Squashville, now, Hennerly?" asked the Parson timidly.

"Well, now I come to figure it up I declare it's fully ten years," and a flush of something akin to shame rose to his cheek as he said it. "My, my, Hennerly!"

"Ten long years, an' never been t' see yer mother? I don't hardly think y'd know her now, Hennerly; though I dowsay she'd know you. Y' see she's failed late-ly, somehow, an' her hair's got t' be quite white; she's considerable bent, too, and hez grown very thin an' poor; her eyesight's weak, too, an' she's got t' rheumatiz in her hands. But I remem-ber when that wasn't a wrinkle in her face, when her eyes was as bright as royal diamonds an' her form as lithe as an active as t' bounding gazelle. Hennerly, don't ye think y'd better come home t'morrow an' see yer mother?"

The good old man paused anxiously for a reply. The man of business considered for a moment, and then slammed down his desk, and cried, "By the Lord, Parson! I will go back home with you to-night! I've been a thoughtless brute for ten years."

"Thankee, Hennerly, thankee! I thought y'd go," cried the Parson, joyfully.

And then, lowering his voice, he whispered confidentially: "Y' see, Hennerly, t'morrow's a election up thar, an' we're a-runnin' yer ole woman on t' Independent Ticket fer Garbage Com-missioner, and she wants yer vote po-tent."

The Statesman's Garden.

(From Punch.)

In the statesman's mental garden Luscious flowers rippled free, And he smiled to hear the buzzing Of the Presidential bee.

For that bee about his garden Booms on light and airy wing— Booms his hopes until he never Dreams about his final sting.

Why? (From Life.)

Unequal portions seem to be Allocated unto man, For some have all and others naught; And this by Nature's plan.

Why are some portions cut so large, And others cut so small? Who should she have her heart and mine? And I none at all!

Smothered with Roses. (From Punch.)

To Wall street's arena the young man went, And soon by a bull was felled, So he said he had been, when his money was sent.

By the horns of plenty gored.

The Revised Version. (From the Indianapolis Journal.)

"Mother, may I go out to wheel?"

"Yes, my darling daughter, I suppose, of course, you won't wear skirts, although I think y'd oughter."

Miscellaneous. (From Brooklyn Life.)

He held a latch-key in his hand And mutely swore. Alas! His letters did not know It was the cellar door.

MAKING A SURE THING OF IT.

(From Judge.)



(Copyright, 1906, by Judge Publishing Co.)
Reverend Johnson—Am dar any male membah ob de congregashun dat hab a new hat to-night?
Deacon Randolph—I hab.
Reverend Johnson—Yah, well, deacon; yo' kin pass mah hat fo' de congregashun. I'm nah now t' git mah own hat back afiah ob de congregashun, an' not somebody else's hat dat's dyin' ob ole age. Let de organ chirp.

A GENTLE HINT.

(From Judge.)



(Copyright, 1906, by Judge Publishing Company.)
The Bashful Sult—May I kiss yo' cheek?
The Coy Maiden—Ef yo' do I'll scream.
The Bashful Sult—Oh, sho!
The Coy Maiden—But don't yo' dar to kiss me on de mouf, yo' hateful thing, so's I kain't scream.

Behind the Scenes of History.

(From Punch.)

The thunders of reverberating cannon telling that Napoleon and Josephine had been crowned Emperor and Empress of the French were filling Paris with tumultuous torrents of sound that roared and rushed through every gorgeous avenue and every narrow street, and surged against the walls of palaces and prisons.

Within the grand cathedral, the scene which was presented beggared description, as it had already beggared Europe to supply funds to meet the expenditures. There was glitter of gold and jewels, and sheen and glimmer of purples and silks, and men in brilliant uniforms, women in gowns whose worth would ransom kingdoms, and, over all, the wonderful wave of the master-hand which had made it possible.

In royal robes stood the great Napoleon, Emperor of France and King of Kings; Conqueror of Europe, and the Wizard of the World. By his side, as beautiful as Napoleon was great, stood Josephine, his Empress wife.

Upon her head, as upon his, shined with the iridescence of a million stars, rested the imperial crown, resplendent in its jewels. But Napoleon gave no heed to himself. His eyes were all for Josephine, his beautiful wife, his empress, his heart and his hand were with a look of rapture and triumph upon her and the crown which graced her lovely head.

Drawing nearer the Empress, he smiled radiantly upon her and touched her arm. "Joe, dear," he said with a sly wink, nodding towards her crown, "where did you get that hat?"

Josephine, recalling the circumstances of the past few and fruitless years, nestled her face on the decorated bosom of the Corsican for answer.

A MAN WITH A FUTURE.

(From Life.)

"Show him up."

Bernice Gladievar, the young heiress stood easily on the \$1,000 rug in the Oriental drawing-room of her father's \$100,000 residence. It was evening, a aside from the rain drops that ever a anson sped down the physiognomies of the carved satyrs that graced the front of the mansion and fell with a splash on the window sills nothing disturbed the deep silence of the household. Bernice was indeed a favored child. Fortune. Years before her father I. come to the city a poor boy, but by dint of hard work had saved up a few millions, and now owned the house he lived in, having made the specifications himself, steadily refusing the services of an architect. Bernice had all that a could wish for, but as yet her proud high-spirited and independent nature had distained all approaches to her husband. Some time before this story opens she had met at the Fourth Avenue Fumbe reunion hop a poor and penniless clerk named Cholly, and it was he who had just sent up a gilt-edged card bearing his own name written in ink in India ink. The base mahogany door swung open noiseless and the young man entered. He saw the collar of the \$1 a shirt dress, and fired expressly for the occasion, a then advanced towards the young girl with that polished grace that long ago had made him famous in the long-gone trade.

"May I inquire the object of visit?" asked Bernice haughtily, rain

HER VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

(From Judge.)



"A dark cloud just then covered the moon—by that time my heart was in my throat."
"Gracious! How he must have squeezed you!"

When I Tuck In Beauty's Sleeve.

(From the Boston Globe.)

I, who oft at freaks of fashion, At the martins is made Have inveigled in prom and versa, too, I, who've shot at Polly Prying, And poked fun at all of Eve's Foully daughter cry "Pussant!" When I tuck in Beauty's sleeves,

The worst of all the horrors Fashion ever did doze. To distort the fair proportions Of the human form divine— Three balloons and legs of mutton— Each extreme now receives Something like a benediction. When I tuck in Beauty's sleeves,

Tho' I've vowed they are a nuisance We must manage to share— Growing evils against whose menace We were bound to legislate. Now that humor says they're sentenced, How prefer a gallows? Each his bold, pudgy offender. When I tuck in Beauty's sleeves,

When she cries out: "O, pray help me!" In she struggles hard within One her ears back ever warm her And I lay low—beneath— To see how I've been outwitted By the fashion— Love suffers They were made for him to hide in. When I tuck in Beauty's sleeves,

Does she ever hear, I wonder, How my heart goes pit-a-pat? When I now away, and this one Of her stoats and then that? Does her ears back ever warm her? What fond dreams my fancy weaves, How my arms just ache to hide in. When I tuck in Beauty's sleeves?

her eyebrows as she fixed her visit with a baby stare.

"You may, Miss Gladievar," replied the young man, coming to the point once. "I have come to ask you if you will be my wife. My salary at present is \$12 a week, but I expect to get soon. I love you, however, and it counts for something. What do you say?"

Bernice Gladievar regarded him an instant with a look of painful surprise. Waxing her hand slightly in direction of the door she said:

"Were I to oblige, I should be a Clandestine. I should ask you to leave the house at once. Your audacity is such a nature, however, that I strangely interest me. Let me ask one question. How is it that you, your own acknowledgment a poor with no prospect or position in life dare to presume to ask the hand of the heiress of a million?"

"It is," replied the young man, as advanced to a point under the grand chandelier where he would appear better advantage, "on account of sublime, hereditary, doubtless, cast-iron nerve."

And then, as he failed in his throwing himself into them, she

turned away, and he saw her

with her eyes full of trust:

"My darling, forgive me for don't you. I was wrong. What a future have before you!"

An Important Question.

(From Judge.)

Clara (on a bicycle)—Ethel, don't have a question I want to ask of you.

Ethel—Yes, Clara.

Clara—How can you be so sure of



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II. The budding and decaying of the waves told off the years as they came and went. A shadow settled upon his heart. He grew sad and silent. Men, then his name was mentioned, would make their heads significantly and move. He shunned his fellow beings and was shunned by them.

III. He walked by the lonely sea and listened to the sad music of the waves beating ever, ever, against the shore. His head was white with years and sorrow, and there were deep lines about his pale lips, and the eyes were haunted and sunken.

IV. Suddenly he gave a great cry! The mysterious something had come to him. In all its glory and splendor he saw it. With his stick he traced in the sands the beach the words, and they glowed as gilded gold. Back to the city he hastened and called to men.

"Come," he said. Wondering, the men followed him down to the seashore.

V. But when they got there they found that the tide had come up and had washed the words away. He was as though he had been turned to stone. He gazed with fixed eyes at the place where the earth and water met.

"My name is Mud!" he cried, and fell dead.

VI. Even to this day in the city that was his home men talk of him and his strange life in whispers, and wonder what dark deed done by him in the days of youth caused him to live so long among them under an assumed name. Little do they know that his swan song had reference to the mixing of the sea and the sands, and the washing away of a great truth.

The Microbe Fiend.

O these doctors! Yes, these doctors make me weary day by day With their everlasting warnings That they swear we must obey. Ah, microbes! microbes! Thou art a thing of fame; But what crimes are now committed In thy inoffensive name!

With his microscope the health fiend, With most scientific care, Goes a-gunning for bacteria And finds them everywhere. Yes, he bags them in the horse car, In the foyer and saloon; The free lunches he calls "deadly" As a corking day in June.

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Timmins had not seen his friend Harkins for more than a year, and when they met the other day Timmins's first question was: "Well, is marriage a failure yet?" Harkins had been a benedict only a month or two more than a year and his answer was in the negative, accompanied by an invitation for Timmins to take dinner with him at his home, and he would show him the sweetest baby that ever was born.

"Did you name him Grover Cleveland?" asked Timmins. Harkins had been an earnest Democrat and an ardent admirer of the President and had often told his friend that if ever he was a father the name Grover Cleveland should be bestowed upon the child. That is why Timmins asked the question, for Timmins was a Republican.

"No," replied Harkins. "He, ha, changing your mind did you? You are not so fond of Mr. Cleveland now as you were some time ago. You are probably one of the Democrats who voted the Republican ticket last November and you haven't much use for the Democratic party now. So you didn't keep your promise about naming your first baby Grover Cleveland. Ha, ha!"

"You seem to think it's very funny," "I do. I like to see you flounders of Mr. Cleveland get your eyes opened. What did you name the baby, anyhow?" "Well, considering all the circumstances in the case I thought it better to heed my wife's suggestion and name her Margaret."

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

Radbourn—What are those two men quarrelling about? Chesney—One is a Brooklyn trolley car driver and the other is a New York gripman. They are arguing as to which one has scored the more victims.

The Daily Question.

Soon we'll have the weather shocking. When the mercury goes knocking At the top of its glass prison In an effort to get through; With the heat that fiend infernal Comes with query that's eternal—Hear his words come at you sizzlin': "Is it hot enough for you?"

He will stop you in the morning With an awful, dreadful warning That ere noon it will be hotter Than an oyster in a stew; Then he follows this prediction With his choicest bit of diction—Utters words he hadn't 'ot' ter': "Is it hot enough for you?"

When night draws her warm black mantle, And we stand about and pant till We all think we've been transported Unto hottest Timbuctoo, Once again we hear this fellow, With that strident voice loud below: "Ninety-nine degrees reported, Is it hot enough for you?"

Never mind, some day in Hades This smart Aleck will be paid his Just rewards for habits bad which Here on earth he won't subdue. There theimps will slowly roast him, Turn him over, baste and toast him, Asking while they pile on more pitch: "Is it hot enough for you?"

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Dr. Emdee—It is a rare thing for a woman to have appendicitis. Miss Fiddlestick (enthusiastically)—Give us time! We'll get it.

THE WAY IT IS.

Mrs. Muchblest—Dearie! Mr. Muchblest—What is it now? Mrs. Muchblest—The nurse wants you to go out on the sidewalk and blow out the pneumatic tire of the baby carriage.

The Renting of Roseleaf Bower.

Roseleaf Bower is the name of a dainty little cottage nestled among spreading trees, on a spacious lawn in a booming New Jersey town. All through April it was up and down and heavy with the fumes of varnish and richly bespotted with whitewash and killamine of every hue of the rainbow. The rugs were on the lines and the chairs were on the beds to make room for the spring cleaning, and nothing was in its accustomed place that was not stationary. But finally everything was spick and span, and the owner put the place in the hands of every real estate agent in the town for rent during the summer months. And after that came the awful suspense and anguish that annually fill the breast of the suburban householder until his chateau is leased and he has settled the burning question regarding his abiding place for the sweltering summer solstice. His wife sat at the window all day watching for the approaching carriage of the prospective tenant, as if it were the long looked for ship that must ultimately arrive with untold riches. And when the lord of the manor would arrive at night and toss the bundle of codfish that he had lugged out for dinner gracefully to the cook on the fly, he would simply ask:

"Any prospectors out to-day?" And when his wife would reply in the negative, he would pour forth lamentation after lamentation and finally call down maledictions upon his own head for having laid out all the money in fixing up the place.

Then his wife would say: "It is very early in the season yet, and you know we rented later than this last year. Now we must be patient and hope for the best."

"That's all I ever hope for," he would reply, "but I saw the agent this morning

and asked him how the monkeys were jumping, and he said none had been out yet, and that people were so anxious that they congregated about his office upon the arrival of every express train from town."

"Well," she would reply, cheerily, "the place is fixed up for ourselves if no one should take the house, you know."

"Yes, I know that," he would respond, "but look at the money I have spent advertising in the New York papers, and every ad. cost extra to have 'no malaria' and 'no mosquitoes' put in large letters to fool and land the summer jay."

After this sort of thing had been going on for quite a while, and even the owner's wife had about given up in despair, she sighted a carriage coming up the road one sunshiny afternoon. Running to the maid, she said:

"At last, at last, a carriage is approaching! I will be in the library to receive them!"

So she folded her hands in breathless expectation, and smiled like a dewy June rose. The bell rang, never so musically before. Then the maid opened the door, and a few moments later went to the library and said:

"Mrs. Peachblow, of the Methodist Auxiliary Guild, wants to know if you will buy some tickets for the strawberry festival next week."

AGED HAMLET—Yes sir, I had the proud distinction of playing Hamlet before Queen Victoria—Voice (from next room)—Oh, the beautiful fibber. Hamlet—was married. Voice (apologetically)—Excuse me.

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By Newport's purple ocean, By Coney Island's sand, She roams with restless motion, Along the summer strand.

And as she goes she muses, About those "lives sublime;" Whose tracks Neptune refuses To wash from "sands of time." The thought fills her with madness, And she with anguish sighs; As she recalls with sadness The crow's-foot neath her eyes.

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"Ah, ha!" Adam smiled significantly. "This morning we had morning. At 12 M. we had noon. What is bound to come at the close of this sixth day?" He gazed at the setting sun. "Why, Eve, of course." The feeling stole o'er him that one of his ribs might be a spare-rib.

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"I may be a living picture—the representative of an art!" She slipped on her bronze bloomers—"But I am no tintype." Carefully wrapping herself in rays of light to keep from catching cold, she waited for the rising of the curtain.

DOUBLES UP.

Jiggs—How do you account for the rapid increase of population in Chicago? Jiggs—Divorce. Jiggs—Nonsense! Divorce ought to have the opposite effect. Jiggs—Not at all, dear boy. People who were one are constantly being made two.

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The man in the upper berth leaned over its edge, and, jamming his frown firmly down on his brow, cried in a harsh, coarse voice that was audible above the rattle and rumble of the car-wheels:

"Hi, you, down there! Are you rich?" "Hi!" ejaculated the man in the lower berth, almost swallowing his Adam's apple. "Whasser mazzer?"

"What's that, sir? Rich? What do you mean by waking me up in the middle of the night to ask me such a question as that?" "I want to know—that's why."

"Well, then, confound you, I am rich. Now, I hope your infernal curiosity is satisfied and you will let me go to sleep."

"Very rich?" "Millionaire, darn you. Now, shut up and—"

"Well, then, why in sizzling, blazing torment don't you hire a whole sleeping car to do your snoring in?"

THE INEVITABLE HERO.

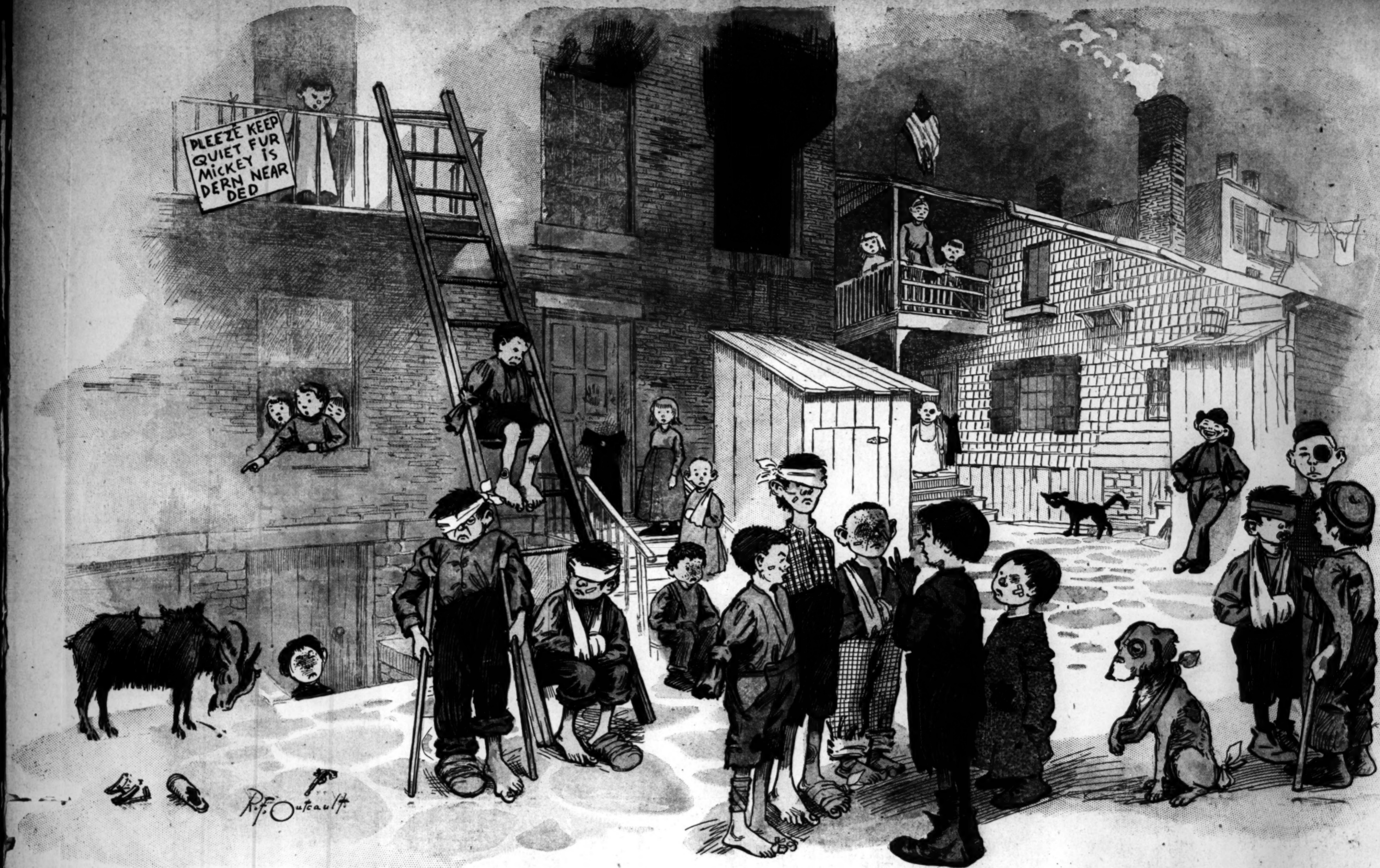
Billings—Who is that man the crowd is cheering so vociferously? Coddington—Why that's Commodore Starboard who is going to rescue Pains' arctic expedition. Billings—And who is the little man at his side? Coddington—Why, that's Pains; he's just about to start.

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Helen—Oh, George, we are saved. George—What do you mean, loved one? Helen—Why I have found my bicycle oil-can in my pocket; we'll pour its contents on the troubled waters. And then she swooned.

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Mason Dixon—You people in the North are not so particular about the color line as we are down South. Miss Sandstroll—You are mistaken. I am very careful not to tan below—well, you've seen me in evening dress.

MODIFIED.

Aged Hamlet—Yes sir, I had the proud distinction of playing Hamlet before Queen Victoria. Voice (from next room)—Oh, the beautiful fiber. Hamlet—Was married. Voice (apologetically)—Excuse me.

The Coming Woman.

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